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SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
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MISS MARY RORKE, OF THE CRITERION THEATRE.—See Page 534.

RAILWAYS.

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DEAL REGATTA, MONDAY, AUGUST 18TH.

A CHEAP EXCURSION to DEAL and Back, leaving Charing Cross at 8 a.m., calling at Waterloo, Cannon-street, London Bridge, New Cross, returning from DEAL at 7.50 p.m. Fare—Third Class, 5s. Children under Twelve, half-fares.

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Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays), from 9.0 a.m. to sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, will, by permission of Lieut.-Colonel Owen L. C. Williams, perform in the Gardens at Four o'clock on every Saturday until the last Saturday in September. Among the latest additions are a Brown Hyena, a Striped Hyena, and three Mule Deer.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

WITH reference to a controversy which is going on about the wonders of Spiritualism, I express no opinion here, but it is necessary to remark that because a thing appears to be impossible it does not follow that the accomplishment of it is supernatural. For instance, what can be more marvellous at first sight than the sack and box trick which conjurors sometimes perform? A man is put in a sack, the neck of which is securely tied up with strings and the knots carefully sealed. The sack is then placed in a box which stands on a platform above the stage; the box is locked, and numerous seals are placed on the cracks where the lid closes. How utterly incredible it seems that the man can free himself—that is to say until one knows how it is done. The first idea which will occur to the inquirer is that the prisoner falls through a trap-door and is released below. This, however, is impracticable, for a trap in the platform and another in the box could scarcely be made so neatly as to avoid detection; and besides, visitors are invited to place strings, sticks, &c., below the platform, any disturbance in the positions of which could be detected. But how is it done? Very simply, indeed, darkness being secured. The sack is made of an elastic fibrous stuff through which the captive can easily make his way without disturbing the neck; and the hole through which he has escaped closes behind him in consequence of the elasticity of the material. He is now free in the sealed box, and what does he do next? The top of the box is so constructed that when a spring is touched it turns easily upon a rod inserted longitudinally through the top. There is, in fact, a false top, some inches above the apparent top where the locks and seals are. They remain intact while the false top is now swinging loosely. A second touch of the spring when the captive has slipped out securely fastens the false top. The lights are turned on, spectators are summoned to look at the seals, which have not, of course, been touched; the seals are broken, the box unlocked, and there in the box is the empty sack, while, to the amazement of all present, who do not know the secret, the man who was so firmly entrapped steps forward upon the stage.

SOME facts about Goodwood given by a writer in the Saturday Review will be novel to many readers. Amongst other things, the writer says: "The distance of the racecourse from the nearest telegraph-office used to be a great inconvenience, and those who wished to send rapid messages were obliged to depend upon carrier-pigeons, numbers of which were trained for months beforehand to fly to the telegraph-station some miles off. But this difficulty has now been overcome, for a field telegraph, like those used in war, connects the racecourse with the main wires. It would require a volume to enumerate all the improvements which have been made at Goodwood since the days when the meeting took place in April, and two-mile heats were the fashion. There used to be one four-mile race, in which the owners were obliged to ride, and the weight was within 2 lbs. of 14 stone. At one time Goodwood degenerated from a three-day to a one-day meeting, and when it was again increased only seven horses ran during the meeting. In the year 1823 there was what was called a

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THE GALWAY RACE MEETING.

AUGUST 6TH AND 7TH.

UNDER the genial influences of a mild autumn morning I betook myself out from the quaint old Moorish "Citie of the Tribes," and the hospitable shelter of its palatial Railway Hotel, to that quarter of the town whence all animated nature for the nonce seemed streaming, and having secured a place on one of those cars which seem an outcome of Galway civilisation in particular, I found myself, just as the great bell of the Queen's College was chiming its matin ten, making a start for the "coorse," whereon, I had been beforehand advised, I was to behold awe-struck throughout the day all of the bluest blood of Connaught's most exclusive aristocracy. But whatever I may have to say later on concerning the fineness of form or beauty of feature distinguishing those tremendous swells the Burkes, or the Blakes, or the Bodkins, or the Joyces, I have but little need of praise to bestow in that quarter on the stunted and ragged "residuum" that hung about the cars, or lounged lazily along over the stone-grit paths, barelegged and shoeless, but with a certain rollicking, jaunty demeanour withal, and a keen eye to the chance of a "fwite sixpenny" being jerked into their midst by some foolish fellow, swelling with pride at being addressed as "yer hanner" by the quick-witted rogues around. But if I was disenchanted in my first view of the "rale jennywin" article of the Connaught peasant, male and female, and if my castle in the air had crumbled ignominiously down concerning the latter's traditional

Spanish beauty of style and countenance, still, as I proceeded on, the *amende honorable* was more than made to me for my disappointment in the looks of the people by the terribly realistic traits of the Land of the Cid, in the shoals of beggars that howled and prayed and swore, and exhibited their deformities everywhere on our path—old night-capped fellows without legs, miserable coatless rogues without arms, or at least a proper supply of them, wretched tatterdemalions in bowls or in wheeled boxes drawn by dogs, eyeless ghouls whose dreadful faces oppressed one so that you drew freer breath when you had passed them by; and last, though not at all least to be mentioned—considering that the lady is a reported millionaire—Judy of Menlo, a beauty two feet in height, and of a most determined cast of countenance. (This charmer, having crossed the grand climacteric of womanhood, and being now addicted to an extinguisher hat and a fierce-looking Botkeen, proves at a pinch not a beauty to trifle with.) All these, with their pitiful whinings and importunate beseechings, created such a clamour along the otherwise cheery road that it was a positive relief to emerge at last upon the more gigantic, but honester, roar of sounds that lifted, Babel-like, above the mass of excited pleasure-seekers who, far and wide, thronged over the racing ground.

The drive to the course was rendered anything but monotonous from the diversity both of vehicle and holiday folk that everywhere met our gaze. Here a long dray-like cart, whose other time occupation was turf drawing, went furiously past, drawn by a wiry little roadster, whose energies were sorely tasked by having to drag some eight or ten full-grown human beings at

his heels. Then came on the long car, with Masther Tim sittin' in his glory with the driver, and Miss Kitty and her sweetheart coortin' slyly on one seat, while a jealous-looking Amer'can Irishman, who had probably thought he had made it all right in the same quarter, found out his mistake after awhile and was consequently foaming jealous all the way afterwards. These pretty features were, with the beauty of the ripening harvest, making time pass swiftly for us all, when crash! down we are suddenly tumbled into a dyke by the wayside, our car being overset by just a little difference of opinion having arisen between two merry-makers on the route, and our driver having to look behind—which was his honest and truthful excuse when reproved for the disaster, "Arrah, yer honour, sure ids a dhrink ye ought to be givin' me, an' not abusin' me; bud, anyhow, faix I'll keep my eye in front for the rest o' the road—sure I will." How that same driver managed to refrain from driving over a worthy son of the soil, who, having indulged a little too plentifully over night, was evidently trying to make himself square in the morning by some of the hair of the dog that bit him, and took both sides of the road at the same time, while lovingly escorted by two friends, who cheered him up as they helped him along, by saying: "Ah, howld up, I tell ye. Blood an' 'ouns! sure, ids losin' the race we'll be, if ye don't step out. Howld up, man: sure there's the coorse idsel". Begorra! an' the horses an' the jockeys, an' every mortal thing. Hurroo! Howld up." And, sure enough, there the "coorse" was—a pleasant and exciting scene to behold. Then on that ground away and over—oh! wonder of wonders!—look! here is a wattle tent, another, and another, until the eye wearies in the vista,



SCENE FROM "BETSY" AT THE CRITERION.

and they are quite of the Zulu pattern, if all be true we hear. Wattled and low, but with this advantage over our dusky foes, our kraals are covered with a quilt. Here stands a fellow bawling to the biggest extent of his lungs, that "his establishment will sell porter for 8d. the half-gallon, pure and unadulterated," which, mayhap, would be a moot question for Sir Arthur Guinness to determine.

Further on we have legs of mutton hanging on poles, to be cut into junks as Bacchanalian buyers will list. Now we see sides of bacon boiled to disastrous rags, with potatoes and leathery cabbage, all to suit the taste of the western gourmand, and to win the hearts of the Kattys and Biddys by savoury shilling platefuls being offered them by their generous lovers.

Bell, o'! bell, o'! Now for the races. Alack for Mr. Bellman of olden times! He that rings us in is a specimen of the Danny-Mann tribe, and he swings a tinkler that can be but faintly heard, and that only a few yards beyond the sacred precincts of the paddock.

By-the-way, speaking of the course, the ring, and the paddock, I have to congratulate, in the name of all concerned, the excellent engineer, Mr. Waters, for the success he has fairly achieved at this last and most memorable meeting.

Yet a moment. I cannot pass away from the ring without mentioning a fact or two which may be interesting to your readers, and these are, that of all the prophecies ventured by the Irish racing seers, those of Messrs. Gallagher and Healy, representatives of the *Freeman* and *Irish Times*, have proved the most truthful, Mr. Gallagher alone nominating eight winners out of ten; and, that although the rabidest blood in Ireland permeated

the course, yet the bawling obstreperous challenges of 10 to 1 bar 1 were conspicuously silent.

Passing from the paddock I became witness of a scene which rather set my holiday feelings on edge. This scene was a gigantic, burly, red-nosed J.P. holding court over a prison-pen full of roysterers, who, handcuffed in pairs, lay awaiting judgment in a railed-off partition. Some of the unhappy delinquents, not being able to rise from a weakness generated perhaps by an overdose of John Jameson, held helplessly back, whilst their more energetic companions rose to the salute, tugging each braceleted companion into something like cognisance of self. Then a last and mournful scene greets my gaze—a scene not to be witnessed, perhaps, in any other civilised portion of the world. A racehorse had fallen, broken a blood-vessel, and lay dead on the field, and there were a number of great, hulking men above and around him, pillalooing and wirasthrooing as if their dearest relative had passed away, and vowing that had they only won what was bet on the deceased they would have done more for the county than ever was done before by baron, or squire, or knight of the shire. Truly, the Shaughraun wake gave to English eyes a perhaps very much overwrought sensation; but query, were the adventurous Boucicault himself to the fore on the "Galway coorse" on Thursday last but he would have acknowledged that his grandest effort of fiction paled in sight of the ludicrous reality.

MISS EMMA THURSBY, the American soprano, is engaged as the star of the Rivière Promenade Concerts, and will sing as well at the Crystal Palace on this day (Saturday).

HORNCASTLE HORSE FAIR.

ON Monday Horncastle fair was opened in the town of that name, and attracted an immense attendance of buyers from all parts of the country, and also commissionaires from the Continent. There was a large supply of horses of a varied class, both for harness and saddle purposes. Dealers demanded high figures for sound and young horses, but on the first day the business transacted was of a limited character. On Tuesday several large sales of hunters and horses of superior class by auction took place at the inn yards of the town. Well-matched pairs of carriage horses were sold at from 150 to 200 guineas, and hunters of good pedigree at 120 to 200 guineas each. This fair was formerly kept open ten days, but its duration has been limited, and it will be finished this week.

MR. GEORGE LORILLARD contemplates transferring his great colt Sensation to the Newmarket division of the Rancocas stable. The feeling is strong with prominent turfmen to back up the American experiments on the English turf with the best horses that can be selected on this side of the water. Sensation is of the class that should represent us abroad.—*Spirit of the Times*.

ACROSS go far afield nowadays, in their vacation, says the *World*. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are in the Engadine at Pontresina. Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal, after a rapid run through Northern Italy, are also in the Engadine, at Samaden. Mr. Oscar Browning, Professor Seeley, Mr. Forsyth, M.P., and Mr. Barnby, of musical celebrity, are also at Pontresina. Somebody suggests that Mr. Barnby ought to be at Coire.

MUSIC.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

MESSRS. A. AND S. GATTI's seventh season of promenade concerts commenced on Saturday last, with every sign of success; the only drawback being the absence of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, prevented by indisposition from taking his place as conductor. The programme was chiefly composed of the "miscellaneous" selections which are usually provided—no one knows why—as being specially suited to Saturday night audiences; but there were many works of undoubted excellence included in the long list of musical attractions. The concert commenced with the National Anthem, and then came the sparkling overture composed by Auber for the opening of the Exhibition in Hyde Park, seventeen years back. This was followed by Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," scored for orchestra by Berlioz. We have always protested against this and similar interferences with the intentions of great composers, and we deny the right of Berlioz, or any one else, to turn Weber's piquantly characteristic pianoforte solo into an orchestral work. Weber's leading melodies and fundamental harmonies have been preserved, and the musical conversation so dramatically carried on between the wooer and the wooed has been allotted to orchestral instruments possibly more suitable than the bass and treble notes of the pianoforte to the characterisation of the lady and the gentleman; but who can say whether the orchestration invented by Berlioz is such as Weber would have employed had he wished to frame his ideas in an orchestral setting? It is certain that Berlioz was a sincere admirer and—to the extent of his ability—a follower of Weber. In this instance he has executed his self-appointed task reverently and well; but if his reverence for Weber had been greater, and his own self-esteem smaller, he would have refrained from tampering with a work which in its original form was perfect. If, as we are informed, the programmes of the first thirty concerts of the Covent Garden series have been arranged by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, we must hold him responsible for an illustration of bad taste.

The charming Intermezzo which follows the first act of Gounod's ill-appreciated, but melodious and poetical opera, *La Colombe*, was welcome, and so was the Gavotte from the *Mignon* of Ambroise Thomas. A still greater boon was the Concert Stück of Weber, with an admirable pianist in Mme. Montigny-Rémaury. This lady came to London last year, almost entirely a stranger, and has won well-deserved popularity by legitimate means. Whatever she attempts she does well, and she is mistress of all styles, although she shines most prominently in the exposition of classical music. Her execution of the pianoforte part in the Concert Stück can only be described as faultless. Her mastery of the pianoforte is so complete that she can make light of technical difficulties; and she is thus enabled to devote all her energies to the task of unfolding the beauties of the works she undertakes to interpret, and to develop conceptions which are always refined, intellectual, and sympathetic. A true artist—she seeks to place the composer, rather than herself, *en évidence*, and in this respect furnishes a commendable example to those swaggering sneerers at "petticoat pianists," who seem to think it a condescension to perform the works of Bach and Beethoven. How heartily Mme. Montigny-Rémaury was applauded it is scarcely necessary to say.

The chief feature in the concert was the orchestral selection from Verdi's *Aida*, a work which becomes more and more popular as audiences learn to appreciate the wonderful art employed in its construction. Of course, an orchestral selection can convey but an imperfect idea of the effects resulting from the combination of voices with instruments, yet, to those who are familiar with the opera, the absence of voices was to a great extent compensated by the able performances of the solo players—Mr. Horton (oboe), Mr. Egerton (clarinet), Mr. Mann (horn), Howard Reynolds (cornet), and Mr. Lockwood (harp). The programme also included the ballet music and march from *L'Africaine* (Meyerbeer), the ballet music from *La Reine de Saba* (Gounod), the overture to Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, the march from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and other orchestral works. Vocal music of the "popular" kind—or what is said to be of that kind—was well sung by Miss Mary Davies, Mrs. Antoinette Sterling, and Mr. Lloyd, and the concert—conducted by Mr. Alfred Cellier, in the absence of Mr. Arthur Sullivan—afforded great delight to the crowded audience, and was an auspicious commencement of the season.

On Monday last, a selection of higher class music was presented, including the first of Beethoven's nine symphonies, of which eight at least will be performed during the season. Although the No. 1 symphony in C major is not one of Beethoven's greatest and most characteristic works, it is highly interesting, as an evidence of the influence exercised over his genius by Mozart and Haydn, and a very large audience assembled to honour the Colossus of symphonists.

On Wednesday last the usual "classical" concert was given, and the first part of the programme included Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture; the "Air de Ballet" from Schubert's *Rosamunda*, Mendelssohn's "Infelice," ably sung by Miss Marriott, who has a fine and well-cultivated voice; the minuet from a quintet by Boccherini; Schubert's "Monk and Crusaders," sung by Mme. Sterling; the first movement from Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor, exquisitely played by Mme. Montigny-Rémaury; the song, "When the orb of day," from Weber's *Euryanthe*, sung with faultless taste by that accomplished vocalist, Mr. Edward Lloyd; and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony in A major. The second part of the concert was devoted to "miscellaneous" music, including an orchestral selection from Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*.

It will be seen that goodly provision was made for lovers of classical music, and the only blot on the programme was the Boccherini quintet (encored) played by all the stringed instruments in the orchestra, instead of by five only, as intended by the composer. With such artists as MM. Alfred Burnet, Val Nicholson, Hunn, and Charles and Edwin Ould in the band, the minuet might have been more satisfactorily played, and good taste would not have been offended. We have heard the Italian symphony better played by the Covent Garden band. In conducting this and some other works, Mr. Alfred Cellier seemed hardly able to do himself justice. He must be presumed to be familiar with the scores of the standard symphonies, and he should remember that it is not sufficient for an orchestral conductor to beat time correctly, but that he should have his eye on the instrumentalists as their entrances arrive, and should hold the band completely under his command, infusing into them his own musical sympathies, and compelling them to develop those nuances of light and shade which are the poetry of music, and can never be elicited unless the band becomes one mighty instrument, controlled by the will and animated by the intellectual energy of the conductor. Great allowance must be made for Mr. Cellier, who has been suddenly required to undertake a difficult task. With further experience he may acquire fuller confidence, and be able to do justice to his undoubted ability as a musician. By the way, what has become of his orchestral arrangement of *Carmen*, announced for Monday last, but not yet produced? An

orchestral selection from Bizet's popular opera could not have been brought forward too soon, and—with the materials all ready—the score of such a selection might be arranged in a very short time.

The band of 85 performers is the best that has ever been heard at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and is reinforced when necessary by the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. Fred. Godfrey. To-night a miscellaneous concert will be given, and on Monday next, amongst other interesting works, Beethoven's symphony in D, No. 2, will be presented.

This evening the first of three promenade concerts at the Crystal Palace will be given, under the direction of M. Rivière.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company commenced their autumnal tour on Monday last at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. The *Irish Times* speaks in high terms of the manner in which Wallace's *Maritana* was performed, with Mr. Maas as Don Cesar, Mr. Walter Bolton as Don José, Mr. Snazelle as King Charles, Miss Yorke as Lazarillo, and Miss Georgina Burns as Maritana; and says that "when Mr. Rosa took the conductor's chair he was greeted in the heartiest manner by the most numerous audience ever assembled at opera time in the Gaiety Theatre."

DRAMA.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ON Saturday last Mr. Frank Mayo, an actor of considerable repute in America, made his first appearance in London. The play selected was one in which he has played more than seven hundred nights—about seven years—called *Davy Crockett, an Idyl of the Backwoods*. Weak in construction, obscure in plot, and containing incidents of a kind which, however effective they may prove in the hands of able novelists, are always more or less ridiculous on the stage, it is at first difficult to understand why it has been so brilliant a success. But a little reflection helps us. Davy Crockett was a living American of whom numerous amusing and interesting stories have long been extant. He is, moreover, the type of a character which has always been extremely popular on the American stage: one of those daring pioneers who, in a restless spirit of adventure, and with a passionate love of personal freedom and independence, went out into the utter solitude of remote forests and mountains and made themselves homes. There they cleared the ground and built their log houses, living lives of constant danger and excitement, rude, rough and ignorant, but self-confident and self-dependent, blending civilised and savage in a coarse, vigorous combination, repulsive enough to people of over-refined taste, but full of interest, freshness, and novelty to the real student of character. They were boastful of their superior muscular strength and powers of endurance, and proud of that skill with the rifle which was a necessity of their existence, scorned the tame monotony and luxurious ease of life in cities, and believed thoroughly in themselves. Out of their stern regard for right and justice arose "Judge Lynch" and the "Regulators;" and they had those generous, chivalrous impulses towards defending the dependent and weak, that heartiness of hospitality, and that gentle, tender, almost womanly, love of home and kindred which tradition and history show to have always been more closely allied with rude times of hardship and danger than with the orderly, quiet routine, pleasures and luxuries of more peaceful and highly civilised periods.

To depict a man of this type and surround him with such circumstances as would best display these characteristic traits appears to have been the late Mr. Frank Murdoch's purpose (his real name, by-the-by, was Hitchcock) in this his most successful drama, *An Idyl of the Backwoods*.

The story of *Davy Crockett*, briefly told, is this:—A young orphan heiress, Eleanor Vaughan (gracefully personated by Miss E. Ritta), riding with her lover, Neil Crampton (Mr. Meade) and her guardian, Major Royston (Mr. C. Cooper), in a wild, mountainous country, are compelled to seek assistance at the house of a young backwoodsman, Davy Crockett (Mr. Mayo). They are heartily welcomed by Davy and his genial old mother (Miss Maria Davis), and Mrs. Vaughan recognises in the former a favourite playmate of her early years. Her late father's solicitor has written Eleanor a mysterious and perplexing letter, awakening considerable bewilderment and anxiety, in which he warns her to beware of Neil Crampton—a very harmless and amiable person, whom, at her guardian's solicitations, she is about to marry—and of his uncle, Oscar Crampton, a selfish, heartless villain of the deepest (Victoria) dye. But the solicitor gives no reason why she ought to be distrustful, and this troubles her. She determines to make the backwoodsman her confidant, and asks his advice, telling him of the vague sense of coming danger created by the letter, which she asks him to read. The shame and dismay with which Davy reluctantly takes it, and his awkward air of not knowing what to do with it when he has taken it, arises from the fact that he can't read. The point was capitally made, as was also the burst of disgust and anger with which, on his admitting this ignorance, Eleanor snatched the letter from him. The visitors depart, and Davy, possessed with that vague dread of danger which Eleanor has communicated, snatches up his rifle, and determines to follow, and, if possible, protect her.

Act the second opens in one of those rude, solitary huts erected for the shelter of benighted or lost hunters in tempestuous weather. A blinding snowstorm is raging, and the wind howls drearily. Davy enters and makes up his fire. Faint cries for help are followed by a knocking at the strongly-barred door, which, being opened, admits Neil Crampton staggering with exhaustion and benumbed with cold. He implores the hardy, stalwart hunter to rescue his betrothed, whom he has left prostrate in the snow, and then sinks into insensibility. Davy carries in the unconscious Eleanor, places her on his couch, heaps skins over her, and, in his desperate haste to make her warm, chops up the bar of the door, and puts it on the fire. Eleanor recovers, Neil is attacked by fever and likely to die. Davy restores to the lady a book she had left behind, the works of her "dear Sir Walter," from which at his request she reads to him, very tamely, the romantic ballad of "Young Lochinvar." A distant sound startles them, the cries of hungry wolves following upon their scent. Davy rushes to bar the door, and remembers—Oh! horror!—the bar is burned. There is a desperate struggle between the man and the growling, howling savage wolves with the door between, until at last Davy thrusts his arm through the staples, and stands "a living barrier" between the woman he loves and a dreadful death. On this scene the act-drops descends.

Act third shows Davy still at the door of his hut, stiff with the long constraint of his awkward attitude, and with his arm frightfully painful and swollen. He has been there all through the awful night. Eleanor, worn out with the terror of her dreadful watching, is asleep. Neil is dying. Oscar Crampton and the major arriving, attack and disperse the wolves, and demand admittance. Davy strives desperately to withdraw his arm. Growing impatient, the men without endeavour to break open the door, despite Crockett's cries of agony and Eleanor's shrieks. An effort of heroic desperation removes the bleeding, lacerated living bar, and they enter. They give all their attention to the dying man, and when Davy, almost swooning with

the agony he is enduring and the fatigue he has gone through, is at their urgent request about to seek that assistance for Neil without which he cannot survive, Eleanor discovers that she loves the noble-hearted, chivalrous backwoodsman with all her heart, and he confesses how inexpressibly dear she is to him. The rest of the story is simply another version of another "Young Lochinvar."

The character of Davy as personated by Mr. Mayo has every appearance of being carefully studied from life. It is marked with individual traits, and little details of speech and action which give it distinct individuality. It is a picture carefully and minutely finished, rounded out with careful modelling, and made forcible with strong contrasts of light and shade. The long swinging stride of the hunter in wild pathless regions, the proud consciousness of physical vigour and muscular strength, betrayed in speech and gesture, the air of complete self-dependence, the rude abrupt style of speech, and the awkward expressions of constraint and discomfort betraying his consciousness of being in society for which his habits and education have unfitted him, all struck us as being faithfully realistic. Nor was his chuckling delight in the little nephew's skill and aptness (the boy whom he is training for a brave backwoodsman—played with wonderful intelligence and cleverness by Master A. Phillips)—and who looks up to him as the beau-ideal of noble manhood, less true to nature. On the whole, we think *Davy Crockett* will grow in public favour, and the four weeks allotted for its representation are not likely to see the end of its performances here in London.

With regard to the piece itself little can be said; isolated bits are excellent in conception, but faulty and poor in development, and this is the more to be regretted from the fact that in its original idea the play is one of unusual promise and originality. The author, Mr. Hitchcock, borrowed the name of Murdoch from his maternal uncle, a well-known Shaksperian actor. As a dramatist, when this, his latest work, was produced, he had not been successful, and one of his plays, *Bohemia*, was so severely and harshly criticised that the poor playwright lost all heart and hope, feeling his failure so acutely that he became ill, and died in his thirtieth year, of brain fever. *Davy Crockett* was first produced in 1872, soon after his death, by Mr. Mayo, at the Rochester Theatre, then under his management. It was not at first a success, but the actor had faith in it, and despite its seemingly melancholy failure, persevered, with the glorious result already mentioned. It is not the first play that the critics have damned and the public have glorified.

The performances now being arranged for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Mr. Charles Calvert, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, will be given on the 1st and 2nd of October next. *As You Like It* will be played on both nights. Miss Helen Faucit will be the Rosalind on the first occasion, and Miss Wallis on the second; Mr. Tom Taylor will play Adam, Mr. Alma-Tadema Le Beau, and the Hon. Lewis Wingfield Sylvius. Miss Braddon has been asked to play Celia, which, if she consents, will be an extra attraction. If circumstances permit, Dr. Arthur Sullivan will conduct the "Masque Music," which he composed specially for Mr. Calvert's grand revival of *The Merchant of Venice*, at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, a few years ago. Mr. Alfred Darbyshire is working unceasingly in order to bring about an unqualified success, which the names mentioned above would themselves command apart from the object, and the respect the Manchester public have for the memory of him who did so much for their intellectual amusement during his too brief life.

Miss Eveleen Rayne will, it is said, shortly abandon the stage as a profession in favour of matrimony.

The Britannia Theatre is attracting large audiences with the new drama, *Corney Rhue*, produced originally on the Bank Holiday.

The *Figaro* says:—"Ever since Mr. J. S. Clarke has held the lease of the Haymarket Theatre, he has, it is said, made an allowance to Mr. J. B. Buckstone of £15 per month. The veteran comedian has no claim on Mr. Clarke, but it has been a freewill offering on the part of the last-named gentleman."

On September 20 the Court Theatre will open under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has achieved such managerial success at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, and the Theatre Royal, Hull. *Fernande*, Victorien Sardou's masterpiece, will be the opening play. Among the company we find the names of Mr. Charles Coghlan, G. W. Anson, Mr. Barrett himself, E. Price, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Rosa Kenney, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Heath (Mrs. Wilson Barrett). Robert Stoepel will be the musical director.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's *Truth* Company in the provinces is very successful under the management of Mr. Howard Paul.

An American paper, *The Spirit of the Times*, says "Charles Coghlan has at last been heard from. He is to be engaged at the Court Theatre, London, next season, under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the husband of Miss Heath. Our advice to the management is 'Grin and Barrett.'" The same authority thinks the story that the Church Choir Pinafore Company is to perform in England is absurd, and adds, "There are laws in that country which protect the authors and prevent amateurs from making exhibitions of themselves." The *Spirit*, moreover, took "no stock in the report that Irving has sublet his Lyceum Theatre, London, to Genevieve Ward, for a new play by Palgrave Simpson," and asks, "why does not Miss Ward fulfil her Paris engagement?"

Miss Nellie Phillips, in making her first appearance with the "Old Stagers," at Canterbury, scored a very decided success.

Mr. James Fernandez will re-appear at the Adelphi in September with Mr. W. G. Wills's new play.

Miss Myra Holme has been engaged for the Lyceum by Mr. Irving.

Mr. H. A. Jones's new comedy, *Elopement*, is in rehearsal at the Theatre Royal Oxford, and will be produced next week. The leading character, a broken-down *roué* with a soul of goodness in him, will be played by the popular manager, Mr. G. W. Harris.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London. —[ADVT.]

Mrs. — of 105, Eaton-place, Belgrave, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c. —[ADVT.]

Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810. —[ADVT.]

DOGS.—NALDIE'S TABLET, a Medicated Soap for washing Dogs (Prize Medal, Paris Exhibition), destroys Fleas, cleanses the Skin, and improves the coat and health of the dog. Price 1s., of all Chemists, Grocers, and Perfumers. —[ADVT.]

THE SPORTING ANNUAL; or, Sportsman's Guide and Athletic Companion for 1879. A complete and comprehensive record of every Sporting and Athletic event. Replete with accurately compiled, exhaustive records of past performances, tables of fastest times on record, remarkable performances, notes, &c., &c., of every branch of sport, and athletic review of each sport. Price 1s., post-free 14 stamps. —[Etherington and Co., Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.] —[ADVT.]

THE OLD STAGERS AT CANTERBURY.

Of all known ways of reaching Canterbury during the Cricket Week none can compare with a seat on the top of a drag, if some Old Stager who happens to be going down can find the traveller a place. To begin with, the journey is not pleasant it may be, for the tramways which form networks all round London have to be crossed, and few things can be more irritating to horse, driver, or passenger than to have the coach suddenly slewed round at unexpected moments. Tramways may be useful enough to those who use them; to those who go on other wheels they are an unmitigated nuisance. But all things have an end, and at last the country is reached. We spin through Eltham, note the promising youngsters and well-shaped brood mares in what was once Blenkinsop's place, and is now a Stud Company's establishment, and reach the "Crays," after one of which, Paul of that ilk, a notorious racehorse that is, or is not, better than Phénix at weight for age, is named. Here, sad to say, the inhabitants have fallen out, and exhibit flaming red banners explanatory of their different creeds. Some are stringent totalitarians, some are believers in the produce of the Kentish hop gardens; and while the former warn the passer-by to "Beware of Strong Drink," the latter bid him "Be Jolly While He May," with many other rival sentiments. A pause at Farningham for luncheon—a long pause in the present case, for it was Bank Holiday, and no luncheon was to be had. But the horses have their rest and bowl along gaily when again put to. We reach the top of Wrotham Hill, and one of the most beautiful expanses of landscape in Kent is revealed; and we note, moreover, with much satisfaction, that the hops look well, and that, backward as they are, the cereals are healthy, and only need sun to make a very decent harvest. Past Mr. Brassey's likely-looking covers and his handsome house, and we are soon at the outskirts of Maidstone, the resting-place for the night.

Space unfortunately forbids an account of a delightful drive; we must come to Canterbury and to the results of the week.

The Old Stagers, an amateur dramatic club, which is to most similar institutions what the Prince of Wales's Theatre is to a barn in the off season, had selected for the bill of fare pieces of all characters. There was Douglas Jerrold's old drama, *The Prisoner of War*, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert's whimsical adaptation of *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, *The Wedding March*; Mr. J. B. Buckstone's farce, *A Rough Diamond*, and—an exceedingly ambitious attempt—an adaptation of the comedy, *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*. That play of such opposite sorts should have been rendered not only decently, but really admirably, must have been a matter of surprise to any who did not know how good many of the Old Stagers are individually, what long experience they have had, and how well they understand the art of "playing up to each other." They were assisted, it should be stated, by Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Nellie Phillips, and Miss Jessie Ryder. The Misses Addison have long been associated with Canterbury during its annual carnival, and were, as they deserved to be, received with enthusiasm. For the amateurs, Mr. "Oliver Twist"—deadly penalties are provided for scribes who mention the real names of the actors—must be accorded first mention for his courage in accepting the extremely difficult character of M. Poirier. His perception of the part was deep and keenly appreciative, and he realised it with an amount of ability that was astonishing in an amateur, even of his extended practice. Mr. Augustus Montagu played with considerable ease and finish as Gaston de Presles, and Mr. Lincoln Lane—who greatly distinguished himself as Cousin Joe in *A Rough Diamond*—was a very good Verdet. That Miss Carlotta Addison acted charmingly as Antoinette need scarcely be said. The merriment occasioned by the *Wedding March* was chiefly owing to the well-directed exertion of Mr. Augustus Montagu as Mr. Woodpecker Tapping, the cleverness of Mr. E. Evans as Uncle Bopaddy, and the really original comic humour displayed by Mr. Oliver Twist as Poppy-top, whose pretty daughter was appropriately represented by Miss C. Addison. Mr. Lincoln Lane was the fiery Major-General Bunthunder, Miss F. Addison the little milliner, Sophy Crackthorpe, and other parts were filled by Messrs. C. C. Saive, Frederic Doe, Hon. R. Roe, Chevalier Essom, Mr. Evans, and Miss Ryder. All these and more besides were employed in Douglas Jerrold's drama, in which, besides British sailors, were played by the nautical members of the Smith family, and soldiers by the Smiths of military tendencies. One of the principal items in the performance is the Epilogue spoken by all the Old Stagers in character, and the lines are quite good enough to give, albeit the author might have found a newer character to introduce than that poor over-worked New Zealander of Macaulay's.

EPILOGUE.

A Scene near Westminster Bridge. Rain falling in torrents. A Figure enveloped in a long macintosh, and holding an open umbrella, leans against the parapet. Music—"Meet me by Moonlight."

FIGURE (*A violent gust of wind catches his umbrella, blows it inside out, and then carries it away.*)

My! There's a gust! (*He struggles with the elements. Rude boreas triumphs, removing his hat.*)

Another! I can't stand 'em!
De gustibus—by Jove—non disputandum!
"Blow winds and crack your cheeks," old Shakespeare said;

It seems more likely they'll crack mine instead.

(*Thunder—lightning—more wind, which splits the Figure's macintosh, carries it away, and reveals a person in the costume of a Maori chief.*)

(*To audience.*) Don't be alarmed; I'm not a friendly Zulu, Nor coloured native straight from Honolulu. I'm simply—not to tax your brains too sorely—The far-famed Zealander of Lord Macaulay—Come at your island home to take a look (Conducted personally by Mr. Cook). I came—I saw—that is—I tried to see; Only the weather interfered with me. I'll take a cab.

Enter JOHN BULL in waterproof suit.

BULL. You'd better take a boat;
The streets are mud; we soon shall be afloat.

MAORI. Before I take a trip with you, I may
Perhaps enquire—Who may you be, pray?

BOATMAN. My name's John Bull—you're startled I presume;
Well, I'm not in a conventional costume.
My broad-brimmed hat is changed for a Sou-wester,
My coat of blue—the theme of many a jester—
Unable to resist the constant wash,
I've parted with for this black mackintosh.
My famed top-boots—the wonder of invaders—
Have been replaced by these two patent waders.
I shiver o'er the fire—I can't keep dry;
I drink hot whisky toddy in July;
I curse, I rave, I swear at each new comer.
Such the result, friends, of a genial summer,

MAORI. A visitor from the Antipodes!

I want a guide to see this island, please—
Could you oblige me with one?

JOHN BULL. (*Gives him his hand*)—Yes; my crony,
I'll be your most attentive cicerone.

MAORI. I want to do some shopping.

BULL. Shopping? Oh!

You've got a ticket?

MAORI. What for?

BULL. Don't you know?

Our shops are all co-operative stores,
Without the ticket you can't go indoors,
Come on, unless you want a soaking.

MAORI. Why?

I never saw before so blue a sky.

BULL. Haven't you read the papers? There is due

A great storm from America at Two.

(*Looks at Watch.*)

Where are your clothes?—you'll rue it if you're caught so.

(*Big Ben strikes Two.*)

Just to a minute, here it comes—I thought so.

(*A Tremendous Storm.*) *To tune of "Yankee Doodle" (Trombone).*

MAORI. Gods! What a climate! Mr Bull—I say—

Isn't the House of Commons near?

BULL. (*points off*). This way.

MAORI. Let's shelter there and we shall be all right.

BULL. Unless there's some obstruction there to-night.

(*As they move out they are confronted by four or five gentlemen of Milesian aspect, who with linked arms stop them. Music, "Donnybrook Fair."*)

1ST MEMBER. I move the previous question!

2ND MEMBER. Here's a row!

3RD MEMBER. Who'll tread upon my coat-tails anyhow!

1ST MEMBER. I move the House adjourn—I've fourteen votes.

2ND MEMBER. I spy a young man yonder taking notes.

BULL. I beg your pardon. (*Tries to pass.*)

1ST MEMBER. No! You don't go through.

Justice for Oireland, boys!

ALL MEMBERS. (*with a wild shout*) Hurroo! Hurroo!

1ST MEMBER. (*sings. Air from "H.M.S. Pinafore."*)

RECITATION. We are all bould Irishmen.

MEMBERS (*sing*). CHORUS.

Yes, he himself has said it,

And it's greatly to our credit,

That we are bould Irishmen. (*bis*)

Spite of all intimidation,

And the Spaker's indignation

We remain bould Irishmen. (*bis*)

(*After the Song they look at their watches, then put up umbrellas, turn up coat collars, &c., as if expecting rain.*)

MAORI (*to Bull*). What are they doing? It's still fine.

BULL (*looking at watch*). Two-thirty;

(*Shows Newspaper*) Another storm expected; it looks dirty.

Yes, here it is. (*Storm and rain. Trombone: "Yankee Doodle."*)

Enough to drive one frantic!

Such lovely weather, too, across th' Atlantic.

(*The Milesian Gentlemen exeunt, singing chorus, and the weather clears.*)

MAORI (*to Bull*). Now that it's cleared up, might I go so far
As to ask to see your Army?

BULL. Here they are!

(*Drum and Fife, and enter two very small boys dressed as soldiers.*)

"British Grenadiers."

MAORI. I beg your pardon, these—

BULL. Yes, that is all;

You see we've got short service, not a tall.

MAORI. I've heard it given as a maxim sage

That Englishmen fight well at any age;

So think, my boys, on those who've gone before ye,

And you shall live, too, in your country's story.

Your Volunteers—

BULL. Alack! in this year's camp

They all caught cold through sleeping in the damp.

MAORI. How fares your Navy now?

BULL. Oh! we possess

H.M.S. "Pinafore;" a great success!

(*Music. Enter Sailors and Captain. Song from "H.M.S. Pinafore." Captain and Sailors dance Hornpipe and exeunt.*)

BULL (*looks at watch*). Just four p.m. Another storm of rain.

(*It pours*) Punctual as usual!

MAORI (*desperate*). What again!

(*to Bull*) Tell me, I pray you, in this half-drowned island

Is there no spot where one may find some dry land?

No refuge from the rain? No pleasant place

Where one may look upon a smiling face?

If such you know of, friend, I charge you—speak.

BULL (*with a sudden inspiration*). Try Canterbury in the Cricket Week.

(*They stand aside. Scene changes and discloses I.Z. and Cricketers in bright sunny field. Genii of All-England and Kent in front.*)

GENIUS OF ALL-ENGLAND (*preparing for an oration*). Ladies and gentlemen, I have a task—

MAORI (*interrupting*).—I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask
Whether in Kent this genial sunny glow

Always exists?

GENIUS OF KENT. Always whether or no.

MAORI. Thrice happy land, and lucky landmen—

KENTISH CRICKETER. Stay!

We lost our match with England t'other day.

Don't call that lucky.

BULL. Lucky those, when beat,

Who know the way to kindly bear defeat,

But though St. Lawrence has been drenched with showers,

You must admit that you've been Grac'd with Flowers,

(*Cheering up*) Three cheers for Flowers.

BULL. Well done, brave Kent!

And smilingly to one another say

We'll lick All-England yet some other day.

KENT. Thanks, Mr. Bull, may I a favour seek?

Dancing's peculiar to this Cricket Week;

Now p'raps your friend (*pointing to MAORI*) will give at your command

One of the dances of his native land.

(*BULL signs to MAORI, who consents.*)

DANCE.

ZING. Ladies and gentlemen, you know my speech

Was interrupted, so I now beseech

Your kind indulgence for another. Yes—

One moment for the Spirit of O.S.

SPIRIT OF O.S. Amidst the desert of the gloomy year

We find once more a bright oasis here,

Where mirth and fun, and dear old friends combine

To make our cloudy climate almost fine.

Sunshine and tempest you alone can cause—

Our sole barometer is your applause—

And judging by your countenances bright

We prophecy fine weather—am I right?

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

CURTAIN.

THE TWELFTH.

On the morning of the Twelfth the Highland moors were echoing to the breechloader, where the smoke, hanging heavy in the morning mist, slowly rolled away. Whether the glens have been wrapped in a blanket of wet fog, says a leader-writer in the *Daily News*, or displaying their countless shades of purple, green, and gold to the sun, it is all the same to the early sportsman. Boys at all events, just promoted from rabbits and occasional flappers to their first season with the grouse, were sure to have been abroad betimes. To them, if they live to be eighty, and if the changes of things permit them to shoot every season of their lives, this season will always seem the most important. They laid awake half the night probably, and hunted in their dreams like their favourite setter. Morning did not find them steadier of course for the excitement of waiting, and they fired wildly "into the brown" when the birds first rose, with a whirling of wings, which sounded almost thunderous in the early hours of one's first Twelfth. Be the season late or early, be the sport almost confined to shy barren birds and cheepers or not, all is fair in war to boys entering on the "hunting stage," and to those exceedingly punctual sportsmen who supply the London market with grouse. To people older, or less interested, the Twelfth in many districts was this year a day without particular meaning. In many Scotch counties grouse, like the harvest, the strawberries, and everything else, were unusually late. We have suffered many things from many kinds of evil weather in the south of England, but the south and east of Scotland have been even more unlucky. There used to be a nun in Dryburgh, according to Sir Walter Scott, "who looked not on the sun." The world at large, in the border grouse districts, has involuntarily been in the plight of this recluse. The six or seven months of snow drove grouse and black game into the neighbourhood of the towns, and probably starved many birds to death. The spring rains flooded the nests, and skeletons of miserable little cheepers whitened in the hail of May and June. The moors have been degenerating into mere peat-bogs; and though some philo-progenitive grouse reared second broods, the southern shootings are reported to be very poorly stocked with birds which it would, for the present, be no sport to shoot. Thus many lessees or owners of moors will probably put off the evil day till the Twentieth, when black game are (legally) fair game, or perhaps even later. If the birds would enter into the spirit of this arrangement, and remain unpacked till later than usual in autumn, no one would be a loser. The habits of these creatures, however, are strictly conservative, and they are sure to collect in masses as numerous and serried as a Government majority before the last week in September. After that the sportsman, like his predecessor in Leech's drawing, will see the birds fly off a further hill as he reaches the top of that which he is wearily climbing. If he is to shoot at all, he must drive or stalk the grouse in a way which is hardly legitimate. Thus bags will be light, and hearts heavy among those who dwell on the border.

A Dundee correspondent, telegraphing on Monday night, wrote: "There has been considerable commotion on the northern railways during the past few days, trains having been heavily laden with sportsmen and their friends making their way to the moors. Shooting prospects are on the whole favourable. Young wing game is less mature, and in consequence of the severe winter the lower moors are better stocked than usual, birds having been driven from the higher grounds. In several districts the brooding has been unfavourable. To-day weather has been fine all over the north of Scotland, perhaps too sultry. From Sheffield we hear that the prospects on the moors in north Derbyshire and south Yorkshire are very encouraging. Birds are fairly numerous, and are for the most part in excellent condition, the wet season having apparently not had much effect upon them, except to kill off the weakly ones."

From Perth we hear that "the Twelfth" opened well on the neighbouring moors, the sport being at least equal to that of last year. From Dundee reports are highly favourable. The Larnarkshire moors provided excellent sport. The morning was dull at Inverary, and for the first time for many years none of the Argyll family shot over the Inverary moors, the castle being still not quite ready for occupation. The duke's keeper, however, had a few brace of grouse in time for despatch per steamer Lord of the Isles.

Fairly good sport has been enjoyed in North Yorkshire, although the young birds are backward, and many of the young grouse evidently perished during the wet season. Some moors remain unmolested.

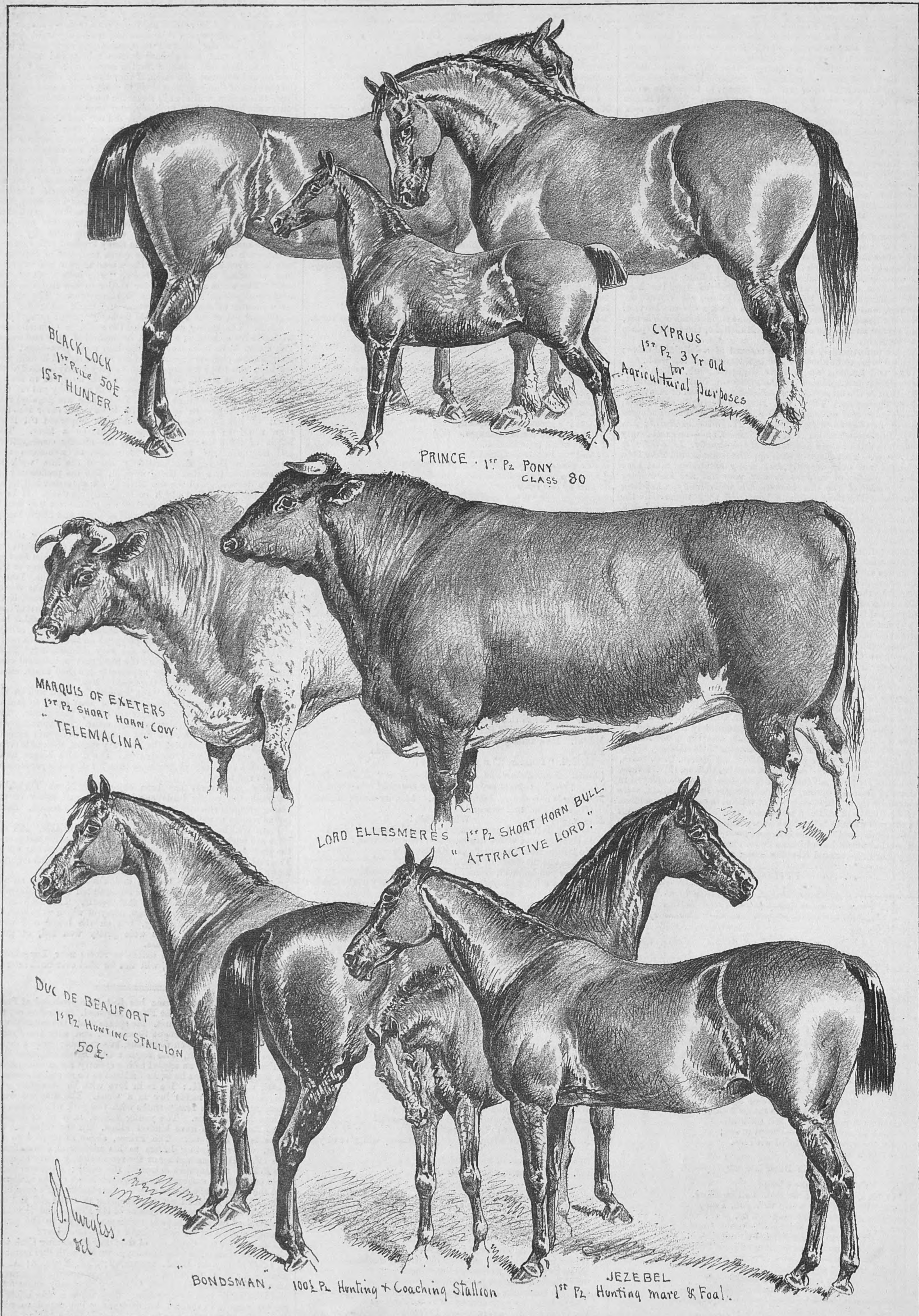
From Whitby the reports are much less favourable. All the birds are backward in their growth, though the fine weather of the past week or so has had a wonderfully improving effect. The best shooting occurred on the Danby Moors, which embrace many hundreds of acres of capital grouse cover.

On the Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire Moors on the "Twelfth" grouse shooting was inaugurated with considerable spirit, and on the whole with fair results. The high lands yielded but small birds, weaklings, many of whom were scarcely worth the trouble of shooting, but on the lower and well-sheltered grounds the birds were pretty well fed, of good plumage, and free from disease.

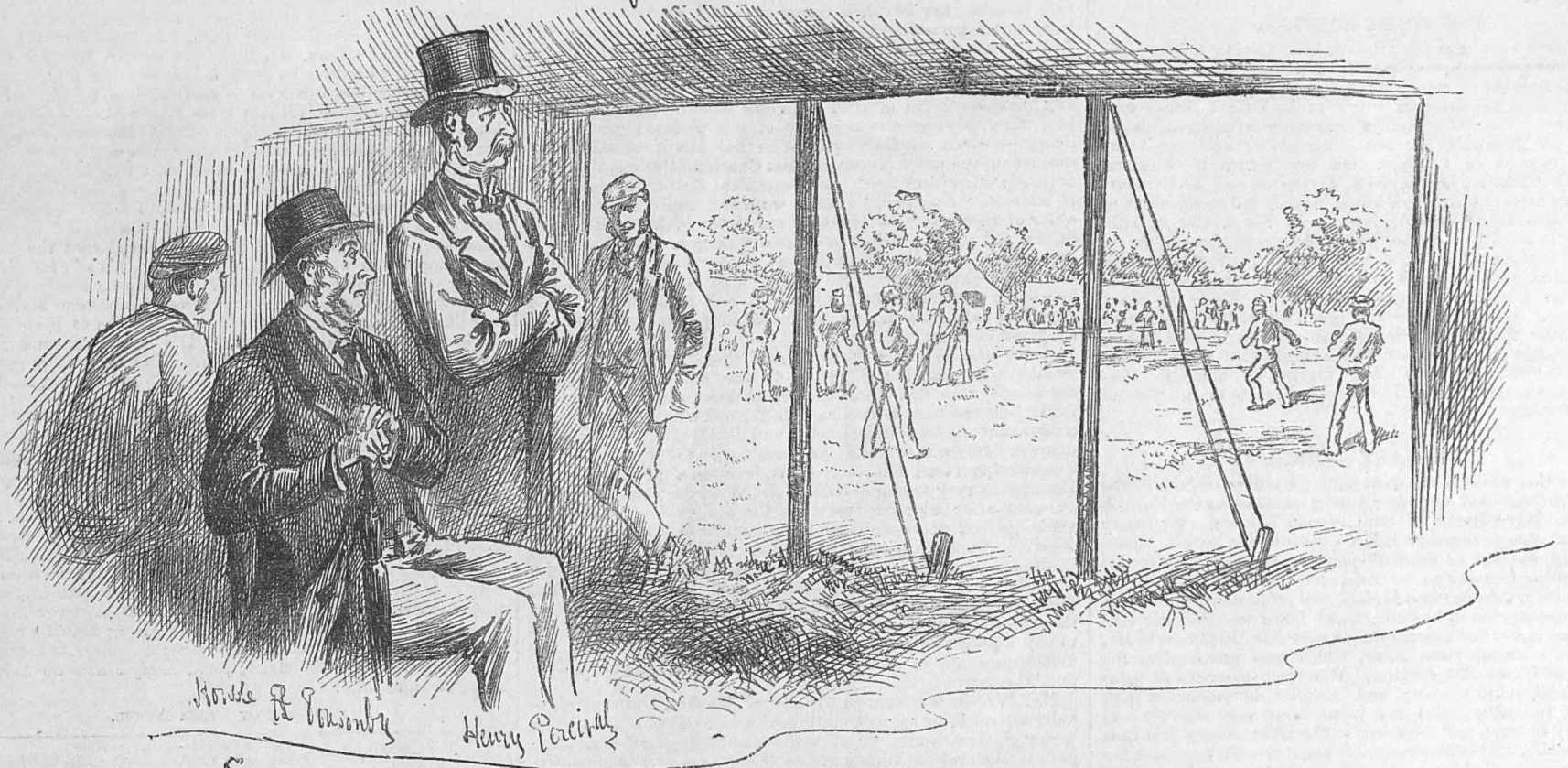
The Duke of Rutland's extensive moors near Longshawe, and on the Derbyshire side, will not be shot over until later on in the season.

Truth tells us that a drama has just been produced at Posen founded on the death of the Prince Imperial. In the first act the Prince is seen at Chislehurst. He speaks about the mitrailleuses at Forbach and the bullets at Saarbruck, and why the French army ought to have been victorious, but was not; enter a deputation of Bonapartists, who request that he should come back to France and make an appeal to the country for a restoration. As the good boy that he is, he declined to do so and to occasion a civil war. Act II.: He is in love with the daughter of a gamekeeper, and meets her in a wood. The Empress comes upon the pair; she remonstrates with the girl, who forbids the Prince her presence. The young fellow, in a fit of despair, vows that he will have himself killed. In the third act the scene is in Zululand. The Prince, about to proceed to the front, writes affecting letters to his mother and sweetheart. Act IV.: The dismounting of the reconnoitring party amongst the Zulus; the savages surround the party; a general stampede takes place, amongst the indignant hisses of the audience, and the Prince, who thinks only of the gamekeeper's daughter, is killed. In the fifth act the Empress and the girl fall into each other's arms over the remains of the Prince, and the coffin being raised by a mechanical appliance, shows to the public through a glass lid the dead face of the ill-fated lover.

The race for the Captaincy of the Otter Swimming Club took place in the Serpentine, on Tuesday morning, with this result:—C. L. O'Malley, 1; H. J. Barron, 2; J. J. Rope, 3; A. H. Burton, 4; H. P. Gardner, 5. Hardly any description is necessary, as after going 150 yards O'Malley gradually drew away and eventually won by 80 yards. Rope made a fine effort for second honours in the last hundred yards, but failed to reach Barron by four yards, Burton twice that distance behind Rope, Gardner nowhere. The course was from the "grating" to the bridge—distance 1,000 yards, and the time 17min 31sec.



View from the Gipsy Tent



Some Old "Old Stagers"



Genius of O.S.
(Miss Charlotte Wilson)

Scene from "M. Poreer"



Bob the Bellman



John Sellick

* Reprinted from THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS of April 4th, 1874.

TURFIANA.

THE incidents attendant on the difficulty in making up the necessary complement of starters for the Brighton Cup last week have been rendered rather comic by the nervous anxiety exhibited by one of our contemporaries to prove that the sale of The Monk was *bona fide*. Of course it was *bona fide*, as every feature of Mr. Gretton's racing policy invariably has been. It doubtless, suited that gentleman to accept the low price of £200 for The Monk when, by so doing, he could make morally certain of winning a very handsome prize with Isonomy; and it equally suited Porter to pay that sum for a horse who, if properly placed, as he doubtless will be, is sure to get it back again with good interest. But it was a little too much, and wholly unnecessary to ask us to infer that his trainer purchased a rank roarer, who never gallops over a stiff T.Y.C. course without finding the last furlong a little too much for him, with serious thoughts of defeating Isonomy in a two mile race. The transaction was in every way legitimate and straightforward, and would have attracted no attention but for the ill-advised zeal of Mr. Gretton's would-be advocates. Good fields and pleasant weather made the last day at Brighton a very successful one, and the character of the sport was thoroughly maintained. White Rose, one of the few greys in training, won a Welter Handicap by a head from Countess Murray, who is the property of Tom Cannon, and the finish between him and Mordan was a very pretty one. Haggis, who has so often disappointed Lord Rosebery this year, was once more heavily backed for the Kemp Town Plate; but though, as usual, she flattered her supporters with hopes of winning, as usual she was caught and just beaten, this time by Fontenoy. Dunmow, not the most certain performer in the world, was just in the right humour in the Preston Handicap, which he won in a canter from Censer and seven others. For the last twelve months backers have been expecting Censer to win a great race; but as Dunmow had no trouble in conceding him 25lb, the most persistent of his supporters will really have to give him up. To judge by the betting, the Stewards' Cup was merely a match between Advance (8st 13lb) and Kaleidoscope (8st 12lb), but the latter had nothing to do with the finish, in which Flavo (5st 12lb), who ran second, could never fairly extend Captain Macbell's old hurdle jumper. Lowlander, Hesper, The Mandarin, and others have long since shown us all that a course of hurdle-racing is not the least detrimental to a horse's speed, and we are beginning to believe that hard work during the "close" time is really better for a horse than a couple of months of comparative idleness. Douranee had nothing but the Vishnu colt to beat in the Cliftonville Plate, and, with odds of 100 to 3 on her, the Duke of Westminster's flying filly scored her seventh successive victory. The betting on the Rous Stakes was about the most unaccountable that we ever remember. There were three runners—Kineton (9st 4lb), Master Kildare (8st 12lb), and Japonica (6st 8lb). Only a few days previously, at Goodwood, Japonica had run away from Out of Bounds, who has twice this year proved herself as good as Phénix at 21lb. Unless, therefore, Master Kildare is 14lb superior to Phénix—and 14lb the other way would be nearer the mark—he could have no earthly chance of successfully conceding 32lb to Japonica. Yet the plungers were never tired of laying 2 to 1 on him, and then could not understand why they had not taken 3 to 1 about Japonica instead, when they saw her canter in a couple of lengths in front of him, as she was bound to do. Hunters' races seem a little out of season in August, and few waited to see Huntingfield score a clever victory over St. George and three others.

We do not know a nicer course in England than that at Lewes, and have pleasant recollections of many a ride across the Downs to assist at the close of the Sussex fortnight, while, unless dust is rampant, the drive from Brighton is equally inviting. Yet neither of these routes possessed many attractions on the Friday last week, for the most ominous-looking clouds threatened a downpour every moment, and there was a biting wind that would have done credit to early March. Still, backers were in such unusual form that it would have taken a great deal to prevent them from following up their luck, and the attendance was decidedly above the average; while the sport left little or nothing to be desired. Sir John Astley opened the ball by winning the Combe Stakes with Batty, ridden by little Greaves, who is fast taking rank among the best light-weights of the day; and, after Emma Melbourne had landed the Lewes Stakes for Mr. Rymill, a field of a dozen weighed out for the De Warrenne Handicap, which was quite a Stewards' Cup in miniature; Herald (8st 9lb) was as good a favourite as anything, while Master Kildare (9st 2lb) and Cradle (7st 12lb), who was entrusted to Fordham, had plenty of supporters. All three ran well, and Herald, who came with a tremendous rush at the finish, got third, only a head behind Winslow's Soothing Syrup (5st 13lb), who was a similar distance behind Carnethy (6st 8lb), Luke having to declare 11lb overweight to ride the winner. Still his services were cheaply purchased at this rate, for it is rare, indeed, to get the strength and experience of a man combined with the weight of a boy, and Luke has been in great force this season. Haggis at last secured a win, and as there were Despotism, Essayez, and ten others behind her, it was a very fair performance; and that this was the general opinion was proved by the fact that, though she was entered to be sold for £50, Lord Rosebery had to bid up to 610 guineas to retain her in his stable. An even larger field ran for the Astley Stakes, yet backers were content to accept the least advance on 2 to 1 about Van Dyke, a "dark" youngster by Van Amburgh. Apparently a great mistake was made in his trial, for he did not finish in the first half dozen, and Early Morn atoned for no end of disappointments by winning in a canter. The previous career of this colt must have been most vexatious to his owner, Lord Anglesey, as, out of nine essays, he has only won once, was second four times, and third three times. But, after this last performance, what are we to think of Douranee, who on the preceding Tuesday gave him 10lb, six allowance, and a head beating? Unfortunately Océanie has no more engagements this season, so the two flying fillies are not likely to meet. Such a duel would be most interesting, for while Douranee has evidently improved wonderfully since the beginning of the year, we believe that Jennings considers that Océanie is the best two-year-old he ever trained, which means a great deal when we go back to 1873 and remember the deeds of Ecossais, who wound up his juvenile career with the New July and Chesterfield Stakes to his credit as well as with the possession of an unbeaten certificate.

One of those sudden changes for which our extraordinary climate is so remarkable made the last day at Lewes one of the pleasantest of this inclement season; the cold, bitter wind had entirely vanished, and it was altogether a very fair imitation of an old-fashioned August day. The County Cup has produced some most interesting races in former years, notably when the ill-tempered D'Estournel ran right away from The Duke, a horse who carried the famous "scarlet hoops" with equal success over Cup courses as on the T.Y.C., and when four of the speediest three-year-olds of their year—The Colonel, Tangible, Trombone, and Thunder, ran home in that order, with only heads and necks between them. It was, therefore, rather dis-

appointing to see it reduced to a match, even between horses of such calibre as Trappist and Placida. Unfortunately, too, the former, who has done rare service for Captain Prime, has evidently lost his brilliant turn of speed, while the mare has run so steadily into form since she finished a bad third to Sir Joseph and Kaleidoscope at Northampton that the layers of odds on her never had a moment's uneasiness. The third successive victory of Rylstone (8st 11lb) in the Lewes Handicap is only one more proof of the marked partiality shown by horses for certain courses. She has not been able even to get a place in any of her four previous engagements this year, and figured very indifferently only a fortnight ago in the Goodwood Stakes; yet here she dashed to the front fully a quarter of a mile from home, and came in alone. Still, it must not be forgotten that the opposition was decidedly feeble, Drumhead (7st 11lb) being the best of the half dozen at the weights. Fordham was on the latter, and we are glad to see that he was unable to ride under 7st 11lb, for an increase of weight is the most hopeful sign that his health is now fairly re-established. The eleven starters for the Priory Stakes were not of very grand class—at least, such of them as had been previously seen in public—and the merits of the "dark" Henry George, a son of Orest and Lady Clare, were so generally bruited abroad that he was eventually backed against the field. A 5lb penalty effectually stopped Silverstreak, who was about the best of the public performers, and Henry George passed Judge Clark with a very easy length in hand. Sir John Astley and Fordham, whose association has been very lucky lately, had their second turn during the day with Despotism in the Mount Harry Plate, and a race ridden by members of the South Down Club brought to a close a Sussex fortnight which, considered solely from a backer's point of view, may fairly be termed the "best on record."

Only last week the course at Egham was under water in many places, so it is not surprising that the "going" was frightfully heavy on Tuesday. On the far side, the horses sunk in the mud up to their fetlocks, and a good many of them could scarcely raise a gallop as they passed the stand. The best field of the day came out for the King John Stakes, in which most of his twelve opponents received a stone from Brother to Ersilia, who was burdened with a 7lb. penalty, while they claimed allowances. It was no joke to concede so much weight with the ground in such an awful state, but the handsome young Rosierucian pulled through pretty easily, and Whitebine, the only other penalised candidate, also ran forward. The Egham Three-Year-Old Plate was selected for the *début* of Mar, an own brother to Marsworth, in Lord Rosebery's stable. From the fact of his being made favourite it was evident that something was thought of him, but it could not have been anticipated that he would win by twenty lengths, or he would surely have been backed for the Ebor Handicap before being so thoroughly exposed. His weight in that race, including a 5lb penalty incurred by this runaway victory, is 6st 11lb, and he is now as good a favourite as anything, 7 to 1 having been accepted about him at Egham on Wednesday, when the racing was scarcely up to the standard of the previous day. It was like "converse with old time" to see Mr. Ten Broeck win a race once more, and it only needed Fordham in the saddle to persuade us that we have gone back twelve or fifteen years in our reckoning. Master Kildare and Herald fought their Lewes battle over again in the Egham Cup; but a 13lb pull in the weights made the race look a real good thing for the former, and so, indeed, it proved, for, after bolting half way up the course, he romped home half-a-dozen lengths in front of his field. One of the sights of the afternoon was the industrious Loates doing strong work round the course in order to get to 7st 7lb to ride Charaxus in the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes, and one could not but regret that such self devotion was only rewarded by a bad third to Bay Cardinal and Morier, the latter of whom was ridden by Wyatt, his new owner, and, as usual, declined to make the smallest effort directly he was called upon.

The recent overflow of the Thames has left the Port Meadows in such a frightful state that the Oxford Meeting, which should have taken place on Thursday and Friday next, has been abandoned, and the Stockton authorities will have a clear week to themselves. *Robbie Burns* appears the best of a rather moderate lot engaged in the Twenty Second Zetland Biennial, unless the "dark" Maccaronea is really worth backing for the Leger. The Great Northern Leger should fall to *Painbearer*, who is reported to be doing good work, although he was returned by his purchaser as being unsound. There is the usual enormous entry for the Hardwicke Stakes, and we would only suggest that *Whitebine* appears the best of the public performers, though there is pretty sure to be something that can claim the maiden allowance to clip his wings. *Bonnie Marden* ought to secure the Lambton Plate, and few of the twenty engaged in the Twenty-Third Zetland Biennial have yet appeared in public.

SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

MANY a time when attending cricket matches I have been struck with the almost criminal recklessness of those players who indulge in fancy practice during the interval between the innings and the spare moments of the luncheon hour. I could point out numerous instances of narrow escapes, but one may suffice for all. During the match Gentlemen of Surrey *versus* Gentlemen of Ireland, at the Oval some weeks back, several of the players amused themselves in this manner. Occupying a seat in the reporters' box, I had scarcely remarked to a friend "a hit to leg would be uncomfortable for those parties beneath," there were some six or seven persons on a stool, when L. A. Shuter, forgetting he was not at the wicket, swiped at one, and landed it within a foot of an elderly gentleman's head, and in such close propinquity to myself that I vacated my seat until the play proper commenced. Twice in the next quarter of an hour did the same gentleman repeat the feat. Quite early in the season a young fellow was nearly killed, and last Friday at Canterbury Mr. W. G. Grace hit a child sitting on one of the forms, whilst on the same date Mr. Hornby seriously injured a spectator. No doubt cricketers may excuse themselves by remarking "Well, people know what risks they run, and should keep out of the way." Keep out the way, forsooth, it is not always easy to do so, and the only proper way to prevent a recurrence will be for players to abstain from a practice at once absurd, unnecessary, and selfish.

Canterbury week finished last Saturday, and although rain threatened prematurely to put an end to play on Friday, the annual reunion was as great a success as ever. Kent were defeated both by England when "mixed" and when only Gentlemen Players took part. In the County of Kent v. All England match, on the first three days, the latter made 72 and 216 against 142 and 174, the County playing thirteen against eleven. Dr. W. G. Grace only made 3 in his first innings, but in his second he was not out 60, and Flowers, who only contributed a couple in his opening essay, was also not out in the second for 72, these two being well backed up by W. Osroft, 15 and 40. On behalf of the County, Mr. F. Penn with 31 twice, showed good cricket, but his score was topped by Mr. R. S. Jones, who secured 30 and 40. Despite the adverse weather, the Ladies patronised the Gen-

tlemen well on the three final days. England went first to the wickets, and thanks to a fine score of 93 from Mr. A. G. Steel, supplemented by 54 from Mr. W. G. Grace, and 38 from Mr. R. H. Whitfield, their total reached the respectable dimensions of 241. Although Messrs. R. J. Jones, and F. A. McKinnon, and Hon. Ivo Bligh made good stands with 82, 30, and 34 respectively, the remainder of the team between them could obtain but 26, which, with 9 extras, made them 181. Messrs. E. Hume not out 26, H. Whitfield 29, and C. C. Clarke 30, were top-scorers for England in their second essay of 158 runs, but the County could only amass 87, Hon. Ivo Bligh (21) alone getting past "the score," and they were thus beaten easily by 131 runs. It is no use denying that the cricket all round was far from first-class form, and I decidedly do not think either team was a truly representative one; however, the visitors were evidently satisfied, and that is the great desideratum at what is looked upon as the reunion of the season.

A twelve a-side match at Woolwich, last Friday and Saturday, was a caution for the Royal Engineers, who had a rare beating from the School of Military Engineering, the latter making no fewer than 456 runs in their first innings against 64 and 197 from their opponents. For the victors, H. W. Renny-Tailyour 121, F. G. Bowles 113, and C. D. Learoyd 40, were very conspicuous, and Captain Ward not out 40, Lieut.-Col. Edwards 55, and Capt. L. R. Scott 42, did well for the losers in the second innings. M.C.C. the same afternoon beat South Wales very easily by 256 runs, but then they had Flowers and Mycroft to bowl for them, whilst in his second innings Lord Anson made 144.

Yorkshire beat Lancashire by an innings and 80 runs at Bramhall-lane, on Monday and Tuesday, thanks to the brilliant batting of Bates 118, Lookwood 39, and Ulyett 55, and double figures were obtained by all but three of the team. V. Boyle 21 and 47, A. N. Hornby, Esq., 28 and 55, and Barlow 10 and 35, did well for the losers. Full score: Yorkshire, 353; Lancashire 87 and 186. Tunbridge Wells could make no stand against M.C.C. and Ground, at their native place on the same days, the latter obtaining 277 in one innings, whilst their opponents could make but 74 and 86. For the victors, W. Hearn 103, and L. Chater 75, were top-scorers, and in the bowling G. Hearn's five wickets cost 9; Tufnell's five, 45; Mycroft's nine, 41; and Clayton's six, 35 runs. As W. G. Grace made 113, and F. Townsend 103, whilst five others averaged 35 apiece, it is no wonder that Gloucestershire beat Somersetshire easily on the two opening days. S. C. Newton 47 and 14, E. Sainsbury 16 and 39, alone did anything much with the bat for the losing team, who made 126 and 133 against 411.

Some tall scoring took place in the match, Notts *versus* Middlesex, which ended in a draw, owing to the rain preventing play on Wednesday from being commenced prior to the luncheon-hour. Some seven or eight thousand persons paid gate on the three days, proving what enthusiastic followers of the game the "lamps" are. Nottingham commenced play on Monday at a quarter past twelve, and were not disposed of until a quarter-past five, when they had amassed 248, Barnes (54) and Scotton (84, not out) being principal contributors. Middlesex followed, and I. D. Walker and A. J. Webbe caused 50 to appear on the telegraph-board before stumps were drawn for the day. On Tuesday, however, the wickets fell very quickly, and the whole of the team being out for 126, a "follow on" was the result. The glorious uncertainty of the game was fully exemplified in the second innings, as for the loss of six wickets the visitors obtained no fewer than 318 runs, A. J. Webbe making 54, Hon. A. Lyttelton 102, C. J. Thornton 72, H. R. Webbe (not out) 28, and W. T. Ford 28.

Nothing has taken place up the river of much importance, rowing news being confined to a few above-bridge watermen's regattas, and one or two club races of interest to but few, and the same remark applies to billiards, three meagre exhibitions having alone taken place since my last.

C. H. Mason, holder of the Thames Hare and Hounds Long-distance Championship, easily retained the trophy, this (Wednesday) evening, beating his solitary challenger, W. Stevenson, by a good 300 yards. Time, 48min 42sec.

At Woolwich Gardens the Quoit Handicap is proving a great success. In the first ties, J. Armour, Robert Walkinshaw, and G. Graham knocked out D. Haddow, and W. McGregor, and the younger Walkinshaw, whilst on Wednesday George had to stand down to Armour, who will thus have to play "Bob" Walkinshaw on Saturday, at three o'clock, for the first prize of 25 sovs.

It is pitiable to notice the number of deaths from drowning this year, and more so as the excuse that several of those who have met with fatal accidents were accomplished swimmers. On Monday last, Private E. Johnson, of the 84th Regiment, who won the 900 Yards Army and Navy Prize recently at Portsmouth, went to bathe at Shakespeare Cliff, Shorncliffe, and has not been heard of since, his clothes being found on the bank; and on Tuesday poor little C. Melsom was drowned at the Kingston and Hampton Wick Waterman's Regatta. He had several times previously gone in for canoe races without success, and at last, on the day named, he won, but after passing the post his canoe overturned. No fear was experienced by lookers on for his safety as he was an accomplished swimmer, and it was not until too late that his brother, finding he was sinking, went to his rescue. When the body was found, it was discovered that his flannels had slipped down to his ankle, thus locking his legs, whilst it is thought that he must have struck his head in some way also.

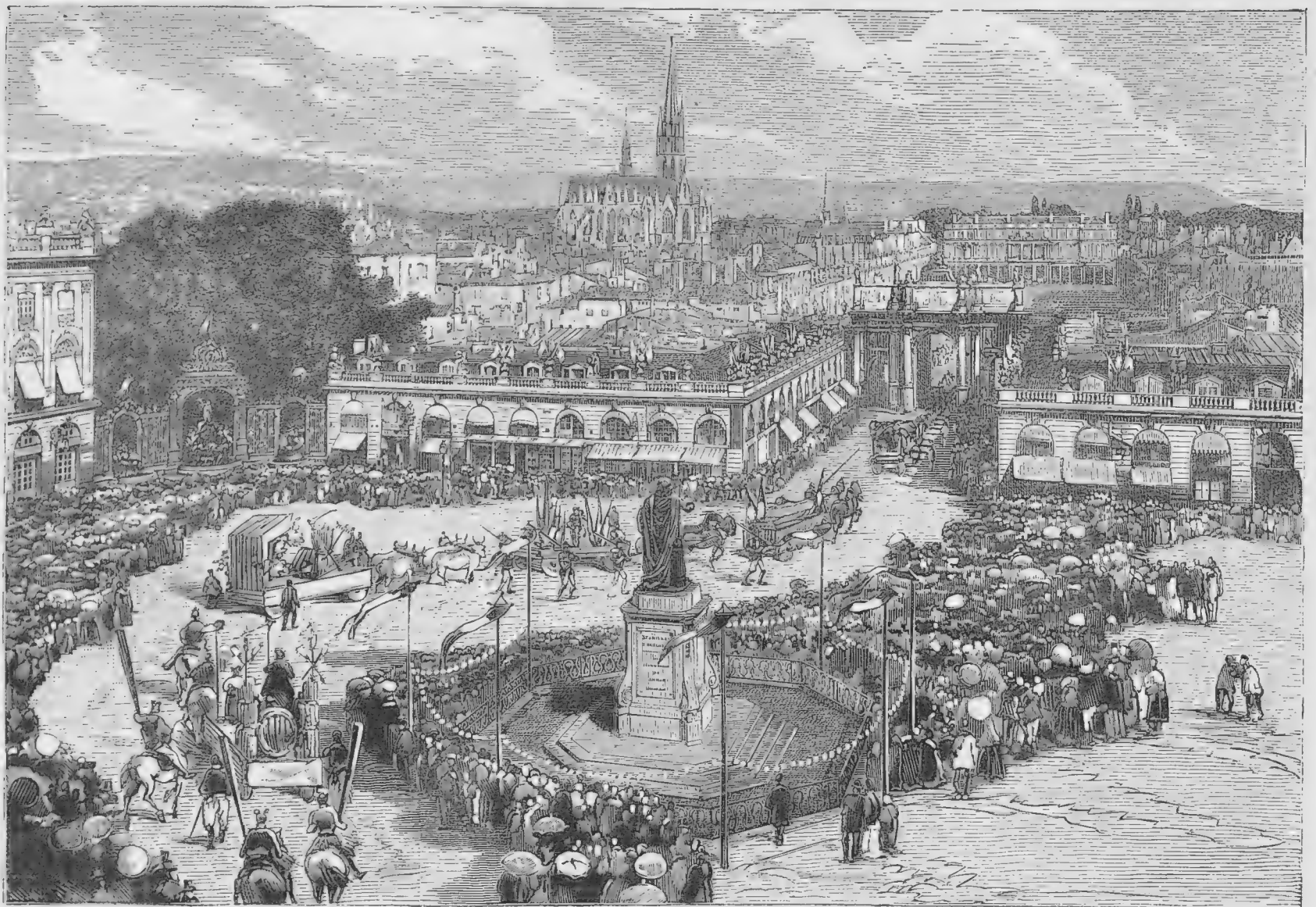
There was plenty of bicycling in the metropolitan district on Saturday last. At Stamford-bridge the first annual meeting of the Belgrave B.C. was held under most favourable auspices. H. Byrd, 130 yards start in two miles, and 320 yards in the five miles, won both the members' handicaps, and E. Tyler, of the Surrey B.C., took the open mile from the 210 yards mark in 2 min. 44 3-5sec. That was miserably bad taste of McWilliam, of the Temple Club, to persist in starting for the final, and he should have been removed from the track *vi et armis* when less persuasive arguments were insufficient. The same afternoon the bicycle track at Surbiton was the scene of the fifty miles championship of the Surrey B.C., which W. H. Osborne won easily, although only by a foot, in 3 hours 40sec, whilst at Alexandra Park the Saturn Club decided two events at one and five miles respectively, G. T. Picot winning both.

One solitary affair took place in connection with athletes in London, viz., a 150 Yards Handicap of the Finsbury Rifles, which Perry, 16 yards, won easily, the scratch man Broad being second, and the *venue* Tufnell Park. At Ilkley on Saturday some rare sport was shown, J. W. Hammon, L.A.C., 5 yards, won the Hundred Yards Handicap; W. Hulme, Stalybridge, 130 yards, the Two Miles Walking; J. Concannon, Widnes A.C., 40 yards, the Mile; R. H. Mallett, Darlington, the Hurdles; H. Mallalne, Moorside C.C., 30 yards, the Quarter; H. E. Kayll, Sunderland F.C., the Pole Jump, at 10ft 4in, whilst Old "Choppy" Warburton ran W. G. George off his legs in the Six Miles Scratch Race, beating him by 130 yards in 33min 7sec.

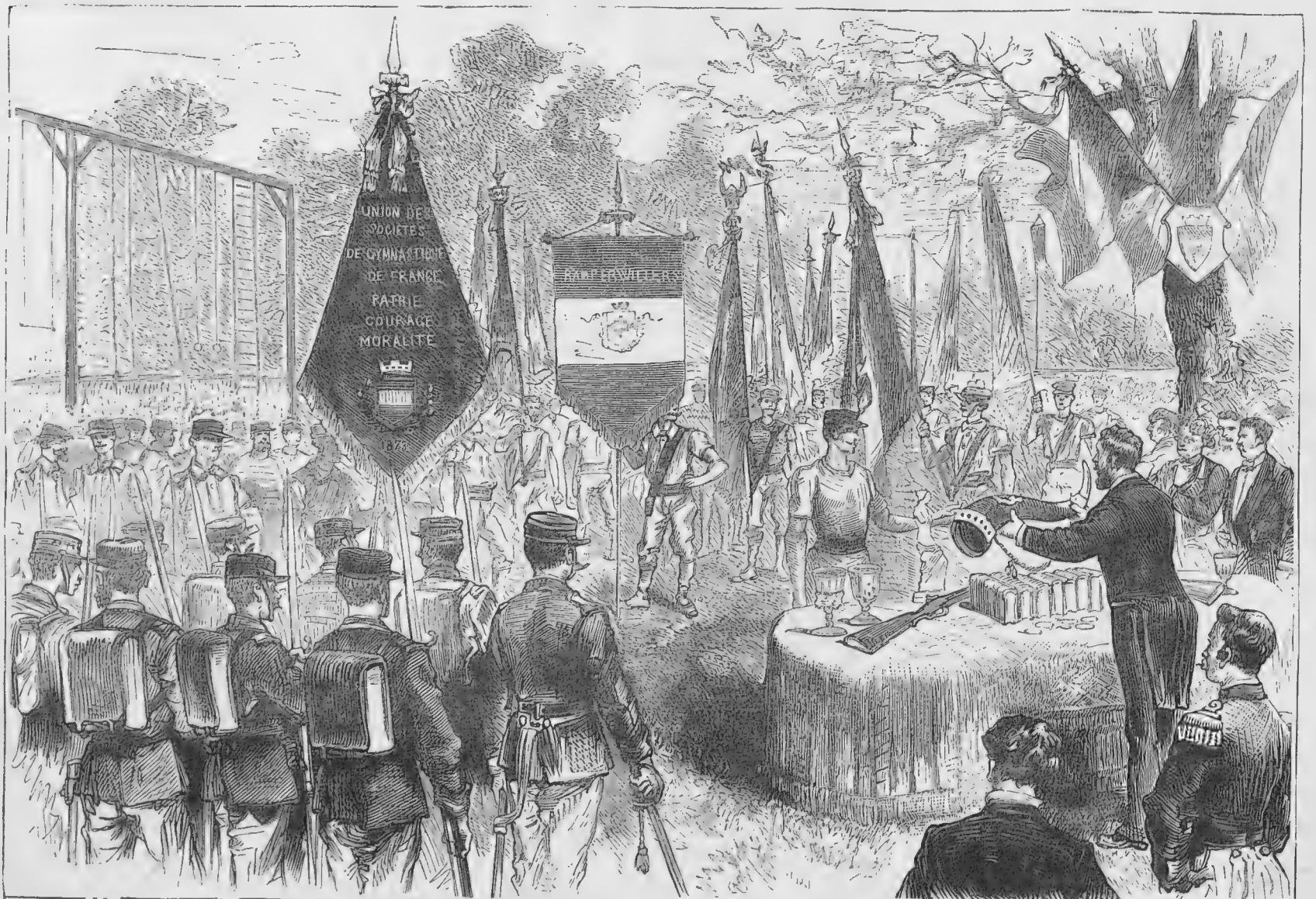
EXON.

The fifth annual sale of Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard's hunters is fixed for the 20th September.

GRAND FETES AT NANCY.



THE GRAND CAVALCADE PASSING THROUGH THE PLACE STANISLAS.



PRESENTATION OF PRIZES IN THE PÉPINIÈRE TO THE SOCIETY OF GYMNASTS OF NANCY.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

At last "dear darty Doblin" is in the van of progress! Here streets are bisected, trisected, and quadrisected with tram lines. The tram-car has overrun everything everywhere—the



"A Jackeen"

lumbering 'bus has entirely disappeared, and the graceful jaunting-car is now a matter more of ornament than use. Truly she has roused and stretched herself after a sleep of centuries, and has become a great place entirely, begorra! Af coorse this wild



"A Colossal Carmen."

state of activity on the part of Doblin has affected her amusements. That enormous city square, Stephen's Green, is being transformed into a sort of Rotten-row. I actually saw two men working at it the other day—there would have been three only the other one is rebuilding Carlisle Bridge, which he hopes to get finished in the course of the next quarter of a century. Then there is the Exhibition Palace—but it is shut up—naturally it stands to reason that the two men who are making Stephen's Green so attractive, and the one who is rebuilding Carlisle Bridge, cannot attend to everything, so the Exhibition Palace may very well wait its turn. And now about the theatres and other night entertainments. Well, the "Ould Royal" is shut up, being too obsolete for Doblin in her advanced state. The "Geetee Theaytor," as it is called, is the place for your true Doblin playgoer now. "It is like the Geetee in London—only an improvement on it," a gentleman told me on inquiry in the hotel. I wish Manager Hollingshead would go over and see what Ireland calls an improvement on his attempts at a theatre! Here, then, at the Geetee your true Doblin Jackeen musters in evening dress, and gazes with a sort of the world-played-out expression at whatever may be going forward. If the Gaiety Theatre in London can boast of "No fees," the Geetee in Doblin can very nearly do the same. I proffered sixpence to the damsel who handed me my programme, and she returned me five large pennies. I had much trouble in persuading her that they did not rightly belong to me. Just then I saw a true Jackeen in the last stage of evening dress diving into the interstices of his garments, while the ladies who had accompanied looked on patiently. At last quoth he to the attendant, "I had a pinny somewhere. I'll find it prisently, and let



"Bowlin' round Doblin."

you have it." This was perfectly satisfactory. After all, the theatre in question is a cheerful and comfortable little place. During Mr. Gunn's absence in London, where he is giving the valuable services of his shillela to Mr. D'Oyly Carte for the purpose of suppressing refractory "directors" at the Opera Comique, the Geetee in Dublin is under the able management of Mr. Henry Egerton, and in the front of the house, Mr. Doyle, with his mellifluous, Milesian accents, charms the visitor into a quiet state of contentment. The old system of stock companies has departed even from Dublin, and the citizens are dependent upon travelling companies for their amusements. I saw Miss Emily Soldene as Carmen, and a fine colossal Carmen she made. One thing I commend her for in this performance (apart from her singing, which is as good as ever), she makes up as a gipsy with tanned face and arms. I don't think any other lady essaying Carmen has attended to this detail of gipsyhood. Miss Soldene was assisted by a very good company, including such names as Messrs. E. Marshall, J. B. Rea, Nordblom, Wallace, and for ladies a galaxy of beauty, headed of course by the lovely Clara Vesey. Another day I saw Mr. Toole, accompanied by the adaptable George Loveday, "bowlin' round the city" on an "outside kayer"—I call him the adaptable, because Mr. Loveday has a great power of adapting himself; in Ireland he is a thorough Irishman, just as in England he is English, and as he was American in the United States. I verily believe if he were to take the worthy Mr. Toole off to South Africa on a tour he would be a friendly Zulu! Mr. Toole was doing a roaring business in Dublin, where he is a prime favourite. Let the Jackeens get him in the centre of the stage as Simmons in *The Spitalfield Weavers*, and they will keep him singing songs until his budget is fairly exhausted and he is hoarse. They love Toole, and they love plenty of him. The night I saw him the programme modestly consisted of *Uncle Dick's Darling*, *The Weavers*, six songs, and *The Birthplace of Potagers*!

The visits of the various companies are of a very fleeting nature, and in this way much variety is given to the entertainments of constant playgoers. There is also the Queen's Theatre,



Toole as "Simmons"

the Grafton Theatre of Varieties, and Hengler's Circus, to say nothing of the Harp Music Hall, which is worthy of a volume to itself. The Dublin girls are as lovely as they have ever been reputed, and they dress well, but alas! only to a certain extent; they come, as a rule, to unutterable grief about the boots. Is it that "the first gem of the sea" cannot boast a competent



An extreme Contrast.

cobbler, or are the Irish ladies really shaky about the lower limbs? Grose hath it that "the Irish women have a dispensation from the Pope to wear the thick end of their legs downward." However this may be, they present the most unsightly hoofs when dressed for walking, that is not altogether alleviated by their charming faces and lovely eyes.

A BULL-FIGHT IN LIMA.

In an amusing account of the great Fair held at Seville on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of April last the special correspondent of the *Times*, touching incidentally upon bull-fights, writes as follows:—

"A bull-fight as now practised in Spain is not only a barbarous and sickening, but, whatever the amateurs may say to the contrary, a dull, monotonous amusement. There were six bulls coming in one after the other to be poked with pointed poles in the ribs, worried with red cloaks, and stuck with barbed darts in the shoulders, and to be in the end when utterly exhausted in their baffled rage, stabbed in the back with a sword, and despatched with daggers in the nape of the neck. Three or four horses were gored and disembowelled, and their riders bruised and almost crushed by awkward falls; but one act of the tragedy was only a repetition of the incidents of the other five; the real 'fun,' the thrill of horror from imminent danger to human life, was altogether missing, and all the exertions of chulos and banderilleros hardly elicited from the sluggish bulls more fury than might under the same provocation be expected from cows."

I have taken the liberty of italicising such expressions in the foregoing description as I think will explain the assertion with which it commences. Bull-fighting, in such circumstances and conditions, must be about as "barbarous" and sickening as hunting a broken-legged fox. Six bulls to provide an afternoon's amusement, and, moreover, so "sluggish" as to require to be "poked with pointed poles in the ribs," and only finally stabbed, and "in the back" too, when "utterly exhausted," would, I should think, supply just the materials to make a bull-fight just what a bull-fight ought not to be.

I do not hold a brief for the defence: at its best, and as a sport, bull-fighting is degrading and demoralising, and if it be capable of degenerating into the disgusting exhibition described above, that fact alone is quite sufficient to condemn it utterly; but it is certainly not conducted everywhere as the "special" so graphically pictures it in Seville—at its best, it might perhaps compare favourably with some so-called sports, nearer home.

The normal duration of a bull run (*corrida de toros*), to give the *funcion* its proper name, is three hours, usually 3 to 6 p.m., the number of bulls, twelve, which, allowing for the initiatory procession of *toreros*, unpunctuality, and waits, gives an average of considerably under ten minutes for each bull. A sluggish bull is ignominiously expelled from every well-conducted ring, in company with a small herd of tame cattle kept in readiness for that purpose; and that the bull should be allowed to become "exhausted," and then stabbed "in the back," instead of through the heart (leaving the other horrors out of the question) only shows that the bulls and bull-fighters of Seville are about on a level, and both more fitted for the shambles than the arena.

They manage these things better in Peru. Take your seat, no dollar in the sun, two in the shade, anywhere in the immense circle of the Plaza de Acho; direct your glasses,—useful to identify acquaintances, dotted here and there in its circumference, but scarcely distinguishable to the unassisted eye at such distances,—to the principal (I had almost written "Royal") box, and note the personage who directs the performance—possibly the President of the Republic, or one of his Ministers, or it may be some high dignity of the Municipality, the Prefect, or the Intendente who sits, assisted by a committee of gentlemen experienced in all the mysteries of *tauramaquia* (the art and science of the bull-run), and attended by two trumpeters, musically to convey his decisions to the performers in the ring. The reporters are sharpening their pencils, and the occupants of that box are fully alive to their responsibilities, well aware that should a bull be over or undercooked by the space of a few seconds, or, in other words, should they advance or retard the flourish of trumpets that calls the *espada* to terminate the bull's engagement from the exact point at which he reaches the climax of his rage and fury, all the journalistic talent of the city will exhaust itself in expatiating upon their incompetency in the dailies of the following morning.

The *cuadrilla*, or troupe of bull-fighters, blazing in bullion and coloured velvet, after marching round the enclosure with a mincing gait, supposed to be jaunty, and indicative of lightness and agility, but which, to an impartial observer appears effeminate and ridiculous, take up a position below the principal box, leaving one of the two horsemen, splendidly mounted, a *capeador de caballo*, in the centre of the ring, the horse reined in, with arched neck, the muzzle touching the chest, and the rider, holding in his hand his ample silk cloak trailing on the ground, awaiting the one peal of the trumpet, the *open sesame* of the door of the *toril*.

The attack of the bull upon that solitary horseman is, in my opinion, the most marvellously beautiful incident in the *funcion*: flaunting the long silk *manta* over the bull's eyes as he dodges the charge, entangling and disentangling its folds around and between the horns, the rider flies off in circles, wheeling and twisting, sometimes springing sideways like a hare in a coursing match, sometimes stopping short suddenly and allowing the bull to flounder past, always avoiding, but only just avoiding, the stroke of the bull's head; for me, the two trumpet notes that order a change of scene and put a stop to this duel between trained skill in silk and untutored strength well armed always seemed to be premature in spite of the reporters next day.

As no two sheep's faces are so exactly alike that the shepherd is unable to distinguish every individual member of his flock, so the temper of no two bulls is precisely similar. There are bulls that may be safely left under charge of the mounted *capeador* for two, or even three, minutes; others that would be cowed, "take a back seat," and lose all fire and energy in half that time. This is the first consideration that taxes the knowledge and experience of the President of the Ring and his advisers: so much depends upon the reception of a good bull. Between two and three minutes, however, is a fair average, and at the two staccato notes of the trumpet which signify his dismissal, the horseman canters off amidst applause if he has acquitted himself creditably, leaving the bull to be engaged by the men on foot, *capeadores a pie*, about a dozen, who advance at once to attract his attention. Silk capes of every colour are flourished in the animal's face as he dashes frantically below and above them seeking a victim, but the nimble *toreros* dodge and avoid every charge, and his horns touch nothing, or nothing more tangible than silk capes.

Every turn of the wrist and each flutter of the shawl has its name and title, mostly derived from those of the Spanish provinces, and on the following morning you will read columns of learned disquisition in the morning papers: how the bull, enticed by Fulano's scarlet silk, was foiled by two navarras, and drawn off by Tutano, whose blue cape executed a viscaína and a murciana, leaving him in the hands of Mengano, who received him *secundum artem*; and how Fulano's navarras were too close over the bull's horns, and Tutano's viscaínas too far from his nostrils to be quoted as models of navarras and viscaínas generally; and on the following day you will read a communication in a rival paper from Fulano, and another signed Tutano, in which the former will deny that he executed a navarra at all, but three valencianas, all at too great a distance from the bull's head; and the latter will assert that he is opposed to viscaínas

altogether, for reasons given, and does not know what a murciana is, and who also proceeds to adduce conclusive reasons for his conduct in simply hitting the bull on the nose with his cape, as he protests he did. And, afterwards, for six days, until another *funcion* shall supply a fresher bone of contention, and divert the discussion into newer channels, you will find the public—with the interest the public always displays in any question in which the bearings are unimportant and the upshot irrevocable—egged on by the critic on the one hand and the bullfighters on the other, delivering its opinions, *pro* and *con*, in print and verbally, until the wordy war in the press and in the market-place will wage as fiercely and, to an outsider, as unintelligibly, as the fight in the bull-ring to which it owes its origin.

I may be wrong, but I conjecture, from close observation, the *torero's* secret is this: either the bull shuts his eyes, or else, from the position of his lowered head when he charges, he is unable to see in front, which amounts to the same thing; he aims at, and hits the gaudy cloaks, but the slightest movement on the part of their owners is sufficient to secure their personal safety: the few blows or dives he makes with his head, when he appears to appreciate his mistake, are easily avoided.

Three notes on the trumpet F sharp staccatissimo: so far there has been no more brutality or cruelty in the fight, though it is more than half over, than is shown in playing with a kitten with a ball of thread, and certainly the bull in the ring seems to enjoy the "fun" quite as much as his adversaries, or the spectators—in point of fact the odds are upon his side; he might hurt or kill any or all of his opponents, with those formidable horns, whereas silk capes have hitherto been the only weapons levelled against him.

The three notes are the signal for the *banderilleros*: a *banderilla* is literally a little flag, but in the ring the term is applied to a long light reed, festooned with coloured tissue-paper, and pointed like a fish-hook. Holding a pair of these in his hands, the *torero* calls the bull, and the two perform the *en avant deux* of the dancing academy. So soon as the bull starts on his charge, the bull-fighter runs forward, meeting him half way, and springing lightly aside, leaves the *banderillas* firmly planted one on each side of the nape of his neck. The performance is very graceful, and not more cruel than putting spurs to a horse, the object is more or less the same in both cases.

The question of one pair or two pair of *banderillas* is probably the most momentous that exercises the talent and experience of the President and his counsel. There are bulls that appear to boil over with rage and fury at the touch of the first pair, and then, on receipt of another decoration, sulk, wither away, and become useless. Two pairs, however, are the general allowance, as the grand flourish of trumpets that calls the *espada* can seldom be given in time to prevent a second *banderillero*, eager to distinguish himself, from repeating the performance of his *confrère*, whilst the committee are "making up their minds upon the yes or no of the matter." Occasionally, but very rarely, time is allowed for a third pair to be affixed, this may possibly be necessary in exceptional cases, to bring the bull *en punto* to the boiling point, but is always a mistake from an æsthetic point of view. A bull embellished with three pairs of *banderillas*,—which, though feather-light, are bulky,—appears to be overloaded with adornment, and hampered in his onslaughts; with one pair, or even two, he is an ornamented construction; with three, he becomes a constructed ornament.

Armed with a long, straight sword cross-hilted, and a small crimson banneret, the *espada* advances towards the principal box, and, hat in hand, "dedicates" the bull in a kind of speech, or toast, called the *brindis*, usually as bombastic as is consistent with brevity. Here is an example: *Brindo por Vos, por la Santissima Libertad y por las bellas Limenas que mirádomos estan!* (I offer him to you, to Holy Liberty, and to the beautiful ladies of Lima who are watching me.) With this, the swordsman pitches his hat gracefully into the box, and turns to his bull. The meaning of this "business" with the hat is that the *torero* bets that article upon his own prowess, eye, and wrist against the strength and armament of his bovine adversary: should he vanquish and kill the bull upon scientific principles the hat is returned to him lined with gold pieces; but if he in any way bungles his work he goes hatless and bare-headed, amongst the *cuadrilla*, until the last bull has been despatched by his more fortunate brother-*espadas*.

In Seville they appear to have got hold of the wrong end of the stick even in this matter. I quote again from the *Times*. "Your true *majo* (spark or dandy) never sits down; he is never quiet, and allows his neighbours no rest; but the climax of his excitement is reached as the bull falls by a single stroke of the *espada*, or swordsman, when the skill of the performer is repaid by a shower of half-penny cigars, and when hundreds of men's hats fall rolling at the performer's feet, putting him to the trouble of picking them up and flinging them back to their owners. The trick is stale, and the *torero* himself is evidently sick of it; but the *majo* never gives it up, and seems to think that by that ever-renewed and never-accepted proffer of his head-piece he achieves as great a feat as the one he is anxious thus cheaply to reward." In Lima, money, and sometimes jewellery, is thrown into the ring, in similar circumstances, of which the *espada* picks up one coin in token of acceptance, the rest being harvested by the *cuadrilla*, but no hats.

There are half-a-dozen recognised and legitimate *coups-de-grace*, from the grand *la suprema suerte, el toro recibido*, in which the *espada*, covering his chest with the banner, or discarding it altogether, challenges, and receives the charge of the bull, face to face, lunging out at the moment of contact, and stretching the animal dead in his tracks, to the humbler *volapie*, in which the crimson banneret plays an important part in misleading and confusing the bull, as the *espada* watches his opportunity, whilst man and beast are dancing and dodging in front of each other, to deliver the mortal thrust.

The *estocada*, or sword-thrust, is invariably aimed at the same spot, high on the left shoulder, downwards and at an angle, and is almost invariably instantaneously fatal; indeed, the bull cannot be said so much to fall dead as to collapse into beef (bad beef) as if struck by lightning. Sometimes he rolls over endways or edgeways, at others his legs knock together beneath him, and he doubles up, and sometimes he ploughs up a yard or two of sand with his head and knees, and then topples over on to his side. Of course, accidents do, and must, happen; the *espada's* aim or nerve may be defective, or his strength insufficient or misdirected, but this is very rare. If badly wounded the bull is immediately dispatched by the *cachetero*, one of the *toreros*, who carries a short triangular blade, with which he severs at a blow the vertebrae of the neck. One instance of this butchery, however, is quite sufficient to stop the career of an *espada* who may have been successful hitherto in many hundred encounters.

The dead bull, his horns attached to a pair of wheels, is whirled out of the ring, by six half-wild horses at a gallop, as described by Byron in "Don Juan," and after a few bars of music by the band, the trumpet sounds again the *open sesame* of the *toril*.

The entertainment is certainly not "dull and monotonous," for the simple reason that the real amateur seems to find as much delight in deciphering the particular character and idiosyncrasy of each individual bull, and in criticising his treatment by the Directorate, as in the most exciting incidents of the fight,

just as a competent M.F. may and does take as much pleasure in casting his pack at a difficult check, as in a twenty-minutes burst, with the scent breast high, or a sportsman in watching his dogs working the stubble, even although his bag be empty, and his stock of ammunition intact.

A bull-fight is a brutal and barbarous exhibition, chiefly because it is foreign to our English tastes, as a *battue* of tame pheasants is a harmless exhilarating sport, simply because it is congenial to them; if foxes and partridges were as well provided as the bull with weapons of offence and defence, we should probably find it "brutal and barbarous" to attack them, and should enact game laws for the protection and preservation of rats.

F. H. W.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

LEWES MEETING.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8.

The COMBE STAKES.—Sir J. D. Astley's Baty (Greaves), 1; Larissa, 2; Nonsense, 3. 8 ran.
The LEWES STAKES.—Mr. H. Rymill's Emma Melbourne (C. Wood), 1; Alice Maud, 2; Denzil Place, 3. 6 ran.
The DE WARRENNE HANDICAP.—Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Carnethy (Luke), 1; Winslow's Soothing Syrup, 2; Herald, 3. 12 ran.
The JUVENILE STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Haggis (Constable), 1; Despotism, 2; Essayez, 3. 13 ran.
The ASTLEY STAKES.—Lord Anglesey's Early Morn (T. Cannon), 1; Camorra, 2; War Horn, 3. 16 ran.
The WINDMILL WELTER PLATE.—Mr. H. Owen's Mangostan (F. Archer), 1; Essayez, 2; Bishop Burton, 3. 10 ran.
The SOUTHDOWN CLUB WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. S. Beard's Favo (Mr. C. Seville), 1; Nonsensical, 2; United Service, 3. 4 ran.

SATURDAY.

The CASTLE PLATE.—Sir J. D. Astley's Bowness (Fordham), 1; Hart o' Greece, 2; Vanderbilt, 3. 7 ran.
The COUNTY CUP.—Mr. Pulteney's Placida (H. Jeffery), 1; Trappist, 2. 2 ran.
The HAMBAT WELTER HANDICAP.—Lord Dupplin's Lady Alicia (T. Osborne), 1; Batty, 2; Assegai, 3. 7 ran.
The LEWES HANDICAP.—Lord Hartington's Rylstone, (H. Jeffery), 1; Drumhead, 2; Iron Duke, 3. 7 ran.
The TOWN PLATE.—Mr. G. S. Cagney's Mayfield (F. Archer), 1; Alice Loraine, 2; Larissa, 3. 12 ran.
The PRIORY STAKES.—Mr. H. Willmer's Henry George (J. Goster), 1; Miss Sharp, 2; Silverstreak, 3. 11 ran.
The MOUNT HARRY PLATE.—Sir J. D. Astley's Despotism (Fordham), 1; Cobden, 2; Hugo, 3. 8 ran.
The SOUTHDOWN CLUB MEMBERS' CUP.—Mr. S. Western's Hyndland (Mr. H. Owen), 1; Nonsensical, 2; Labrador, 3. 5 ran.

EGHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The STAND HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Wm. Parson's Titania II. (Gallon), 1; La Fiancée, 2; Musical Times, 3. 5 ran.
The DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S CUP.—Mr. Feunig's High Priest (C. Wood), 1; Northfield, 2; Morier, 3. 5 ran.
The MAGNA CHARTA TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. John Nightingall's First Choice (Spencer), 1; Merle, 2; Request, 3. 6 ran.
The ANKERVYCKE PLATE.—Mr. G. E. Puge's Miss Bowstring (Weedon), 1; Goshawk, 2; Slogan, 3. 6 ran.
The KING JOHN PLATE.—Mr. H. E. Beddington's Brother to Ersilia (T. Cannon), 1; Ammunitionilly, 2; Hampton Court colt, 3. 13 ran.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. G. Kruckenbergs Storm (R. Wyatt), 1; Vivandiere, 2; Ouse, 3. 4 ran.
The EGHAM THREE-YR-OLD PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Mar (Constable), 1; Fanfare, 2; Protectionist, 3. 6 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The EGHAM WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. M. Raine's Oxford Beau (Glover), 1; Philomel, 2; Coruscation, 3. 5 ran.
The RUNNYMEDE PLATE.—Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Saratoga (C. Wood), 1; Merle, 2; Janiero filly, 3. 9 ran.
The EGHAM CUP.—Lord Hastings's Master Kildare (Barker), 1; Herald, 2; Ventnor, 3. 5 ran.
The DENHAM SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Hyam's Edith Plantagenet (Greaves), 1; Vril, 2; Hesperian, 3. 6 ran.
The BARON'S PLATE.—Mr. H. Rymill's Emma Melbourne (C. Wood), w.o.; and received £75.
The PRINCESS OF WALES'S PLATE.—Mr. S. Western's Saltier (Luke), 1; Protectionist, 2; Collingbourne, 3. 5 ran.
The SURREY AND MIDDLESEX STAKES.—Mr. W. M. Raine's Bay Cardinal (Greaves), 1; Morier, 2; Charaxus, 3. 6 ran.

WINDSOR RACES.

THURSDAY.

The PARK STAKES.—Count Festetic's Valentino (C. Clark), 1; Cipolata, 2; Early Morn, 3. 9 ran.
The OSTERLEY PARK STAKES.—Count Festetic's Kennett colt (F. Archer), 1; Lizzie Greystock filly, +; Tebro, +. 3 ran.
The FOREST HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Tribute (Constable), 1; Dummo, 2; Lady Mostyn, 3. 8 ran.
The TOWN SELLING STAKES.—Mr. J. Potter's Goshawk (G. Fordham), 1; Policy, 2; Play Rough, 3. 8 ran.
A PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Cipolata (Constable), 1; Roman, 2; Maid of Sker, 3. 4 ran.
The CASTLE WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. Sherborne's Deluder (Mordan), two; Misenus, +; Mr. Dodd, 3. 6 ran.
A WELTER SELLING PLATE.—Mr. R. S. Evans's Post Haste (F. Webb), 1; Plaisante, 2; Wellington, 3. 6 ran.
A HUNTERS' PLAT RACE.—Mr. J. E. Carr's Wentworth, 1; Prince Imperial, 2; Zitzia, 3. 6 ran.

REDCAR MEETING.

THURSDAY.

The ALL-AGED WELTER MAIDEN PLATE.—Mr. R. Jardine's Chillianwallah colt J. Osborne, 1; Curtain Lecture colt, 2; Pompeia, 3. 9 ran.
FIRST YEAR OF THE THIRD KIRKLEATHAN BIENNIAL STAKES.—Mr. Ker-Seymer's Eirene (Lemaire), 1; Princess Bladud, 2; Monolith, 3. 6 ran.
The ZETLAND HIGH-WRIGHT HANDICAP.—Mr. R. C. Vyners The Rowan (Collins), 1; Cupola, 2; Myotis colt, 3. 8 ran.
The COATHAM HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Trotter's Garterless (Bell), 1; Grand Fleuret, 2; Bargee, 3. 12 ran.
SAND HILLS PLATE.—Patrol, 1; Schmetterling II., 2; Lochiel, 3. 8 ran.
CLEVELAND HUNTERS.—St. George, 1; Syren, 2; Lincoln, 3. 11 ran.

PAISLEY RACES.

THURSDAY.

The PAISLEY PLATE.—Mr. Robert Cowan's Bella Walker (Luke), 1; Little Ann, 2; Lady Nelson, 3. 7 ran.
A HUNTERS' AND YEOMANNY PLATE.—Mr. W. B. Faull's Miss York (Captain Middleton), 1; Arlette, 2; Diplomatic, 3. 5 ran.
The RENFREWSHIRE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Martin's La Gitana, (Tomkinson), w.o.
The WESTERN HUNT CUP.—Mr. G. Steel's Sir Arthur, 1; Falmouth, 2.
The GLASGOW HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. John Stock's Crookston (J. E. Jones), 1; Macadam, 2; Prophecy, 3. 7 ran.

MARINE SANITATION: THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—The *British Medical Journal* of July 26 contained the following remarks with reference to the sanitary condition of the Ilfracombe Hotel: "This well-known and highly attractive marine resort for summer and autumn-pleasure seekers has been recently completely overhauled in all its sanitary arrangements; and, under the superintendence of Mr. Eassie, C.E., works have been carried out which will render it a model of sanitary completeness and safety, and as such it deserves to be noted. During the past six months, the directors have been busy in removing all obsolete contrivances and replacing them with the best services known. New soil-pipes have been erected, ventilating themselves at the roof; new baths have been added, the wastes of which deliver in the open air, as do the housemaids' sinks and lavatories; and closets have been fixed, constructed of one piece of cleanly earthenware. The hotel has been disconnected from the town sewer in the manner most approved by sanitary engineers, and upon a principle by which a current of fresh air is made to flow continuously through the drains and to find its exit burningly at the roof in the open air, thus preventing stagnation of air in the drains. Another most valuable feature has been introduced into the system of drainage in this hotel; and that is a means of automatic flushing from a special cistern situated at the roof, which twice daily discharges down a separate pipe five hundred gallons of water, thus scouring the drains from end to end and preventing any lodgment in them. The water-supply has also been reconstructed, and a slate cistern of the largest size has been erected in the open air to supply the potable water only, which is laid on therefrom by a service of tin-encased lead pipes. It will thus be seen that nothing has been neglected to render this hotel as perfect in point of hygienic construction as it can possibly be, and to provide for every factor of healthiness which science can fairly add to those which its isolated site and proximity to the open sea have already provided."

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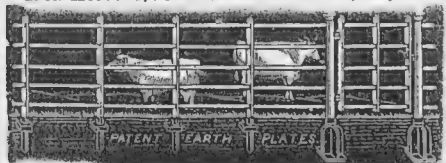
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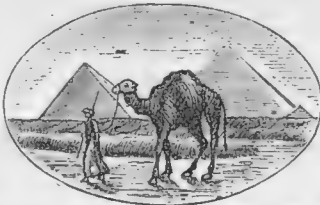
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*Pencil Jottings
from
An Old Player's
Note Book.*



Mr. Wright as Marmaduke Matheson in "The Wreck of the Ashes"

Mr. Paul Bedford as Jemo in "The Judgment of Paris"



*Miss Vincent as Adeline
in the
"Bride's Journey"*



Mr. Kealey as Robin Hood in "Robin Hood & Little John"

Miss L. Cushman as Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering"

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

G. A. X.—The lady is married, we do not know her age, nor what family she has, if any.

CATHERINE B.—An extract from our American contemporary, *The Spirit of the Times*, will be our best reply. "An engagement of two years in America at 200,000 dols. a year, and all expenses paid, seems at first sight preposterous. In six months America would have enough of Bernhardt, and Bernhardt of America. As she can only play three or four nights a week, and a season of six months, from November to May, would exhaust her popularity, at the enormous prices that would have to be charged to recoup the management, the figures of our London contemporary require amendment. Instead of £130 a night, she would receive 2,000 dols. a night, if she played 100 nights during the season. This is more than any artiste has received as a certainty. We have known Edwin Booth to receive 1,000 dols. certainty for a matinee, and have seen him paid, upon starring terms, 1,200 dols. and 1,500 dols. for a night or two; but the pace was too fast to be maintained for a hundred nights. Jefferson was howled at, and accused of ruining managers, when he demanded a certainty of 700 dols. a performance. Nevertheless, Mlle. Bernhardt may be worth 2,000 dols. a night for a short season here, but not for two years. If we take the *Post's* figures (which are repeated from Paris, and verified by the *Tribune's* correspondent) with several grains of salt, or throw in several other countries besides America to fill up the two years, we still find the terms as apocryphal as the story that James Gordon Bennett laid a hundred one thousand dollar bonds upon the cradle of his new-born nephew, who kicked them off, and cried, "Yah! All the ten-forties are called in, uncle, and don't pay any more interest." Since Mr. Boucicault's new play is completed, he professes not to care about Bernhardt, who is described by recent arrivals as an ugly, nervous, thin, little, jerky actress, as sour as—well, as sour grapes!

R. G. S.—*The Road to Ruin* was acted at Drury Lane for the first time on June 6, in the year named.

PUZZLED.—1. It is called a comedy, and as a comedy the author wrote it, but as it is usually acted it is decidedly a farce. 2. The lady is thinking more of herself, and the effect she fancies she is producing, than of the character she ought to embody. No great acting will ever come of that. She is always either glancing into the boxes, arranging her dress, or studying her person.

COSTUMER.—He used to dress Alexander the Great in a cocked hat and jack boots.

S. A.—A sequel to the opera of *Flora* was acted in 1732, at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre.

ROSCUS.—The pantomime of *Mother Goose* was produced at the Crow-street Theatre, Dublin, in 1809, when Bradbury was clown and Ellar harlequin.

DOUBTFUL.—Elliston did act Hamlet, Richard III., and Macbeth in London.

SPORTING.

J. P.—Forfarshire, according to a statement made by "Nimrod" in 1836, had then been regularly hunted by foxhounds during the preceding eighty years.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEX.—We find it stated that negroes were first brought into Europe by a Portuguese admiral in 1442.

E. W. LEE.—The nine of diamonds in a pack of cards is called "the curse of Scotland," because in the very old game of Pope Joan that card represents the Pope.

J. E. T.—The origin of the word "Taffy" is said to be the pronunciation of the patron saint's name in Wales (St. Tavy for St. David).

VENETIA.—Returned with thanks. We have so many similar papers which have been long and vainly awaiting insertion.

G. A. LUTY.—The Earl of Orford first published his "Castle of Otranto," as having been "found in the library of an ancient catholic family, in the north of England, printed at Naples, in black letter, in the year 1529." As such it was received, and such it continued to be estimated, until the appearance of the second edition, in which the author apologises for having offered his work to the public under the borrowed personage of a translator. The Earl of Orford wrote "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third."

E. A.—Mr. Sturges makes the drawings in chalk, and they are printed from metal.

THE "ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News."

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

RACING IN THE PROVINCES.

THOUGH racing, and it may perhaps be added, public interest in racing, never flags from its opening day in the "windy gleams of March" to its close in the frosts and fogs of November, and though one fixture regularly succeeds another, "weather permitting," yet the sport beloved of Britons follows the universal fashion of going out of town at the prescribed season, and, as it were, follows its patrons about the country, pitching its roving tent where men do mostly congregate for the autumn

recess. With its patrons, too, it shakes off the trammels imposed upon it by society in matters of dress and pomp, and starts upon its various rural circuits in a free and easy sort of way, with an aspect denoting pleasure rather than business. Of course it would be absurd, in these days of ubiquity, to speak or write of a race-meeting as beyond the reach of Londoners; what we mean to say is that country clerks of courses naturally wish to adapt their fixtures to the convenience of neighbouring grandees, on whose interest in and attendance at their meetings so much depends. Until the gathering of the clans at Doncaster next month, not only those who live by and of racing, but also its constant supporters, will be scattered all over the face of the country, only caring, perhaps, to patronise a local gathering here and there, and holding themselves in reserve for the "resumption of hostilities" in the autumn. Even to the blatant bookmaker a period of comparative rest comes not amiss, and if he cannot help going racing, "just to keep his hand in, you know," he goes about his business in a half-hearted sort of way, and for once, perhaps, strolls into a paddock, or glances at the actually horses in running, instead of occupying himself upon his books. There is an air of calm repose about provincial sport, contrasting not unfavourably, by way of change, with the trouble, the toil, and the turmoil attendant upon the celebrations of such gala gatherings as those at Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood. Sportsmen at seaside resorts must be catered for, and accordingly we find the August programme of races to come rendered doubly attractive by such names as those of Brighton, Redcar, Weymouth, and Scarborough; while sojourners in Yorkshire find ample attractions in the bills of fare set forth by racing authorities at Ripon, Stockton, and York. In fact, the North may be said to hold high carnival in August, in anticipation of the glorious feast of St. Leger later on; and we gain an insight into the form of horses of all ages, hailing from historic stables in the county of acres, ere the proud Southron comes to dispute possession of their cherished trophies on Knavesmire and Doncaster Town Moor. It is, however, rather with the country meeting *par excellence* that we are now concerned, and we do not envy the individual who has not assisted at one of such rural festivals when the opportunity presented itself. The gathering may be anywhere in the depths of the country, but let it be "Yorkshire for choice," for the regard we bear to the Tykes, as deeply interested spectators of the racing game, and not unlearned in its lore, while pedigrees and shapes of horses are something more than mere Greek in their estimation. Their sense of a day's enjoyment is not limited to the idle games and boorish carousals which are mere accessories to the sport; nor are they found engaged in the "fun of the fair," which occupies the thoughts of so many during the actual decision of the various races at our monster centres of sport in the South. Your Northerner, scorning such unworthy intrusions upon his day's enjoyment, is busy taking stock of his favourites before, during, and after each race, and discusses each item on the card with a keen relish, not caring to miss even a walk-over, and interesting himself in the details of a contest among the rankest of selling platers. The course and stands, and their approaches, are frequently of the most rustic and primitive description, and it is a wonder how a few of the county constabulary manage to keep order everywhere. Their efforts would be totally unavailing in this respect were it not for the ready assistance rendered by the crowd itself, which is fully as anxious to observe order and punctuality as the officials, for have they not come to see the racing and nothing else, and to talk and think of nothing else during the holiday? Saddling enclosures there may be, but toilets are mostly made *coram populo*, in a ring similar to that which gathers round the cheap jack or mountebank; while the horses are, in the majority of cases, as well known upon circuit as their owners, trainers, and jockeys. These two last-mentioned contributors to sport come in for a good deal of quiet recognition and salutation, and the mild *furor* in their favour is increased when the colours of any popular magnate of the Turf are to be unfurled in the next race. The silks and satins of various patrons of sport in the locality are as well known as the landmarks of all the country round, and the success of the squire or of my lord is cheered to the echo, more especially if the few crowns ventured on the result have been got back with interest. Feasting and drinking of course form an important feature in the day's outing, but there are none of those wild saturnalia which too often make race meetings hells upon earth, and afford handles for the enemies of the Turf to take hold of and to turn to their account in blasting the reputations of all who "go racing." At these centres of sport in the provinces speculation is carried on to a very limited extent, and consists mostly of occasional wagering among pals and cronies to a harmless extent; though of course there are sharks on the look out for flats, such as will crop up inevitably among those who make holiday. It is pleasant on occasions to turn from the highways of sport, with all their show and bustle, to its humbler byways, such as we have attempted to depict in our hasty sketch of one of those provincial *réunions* so common at this season of the year. We see racing here in its brightest and healthiest aspect, and for the most part devoid of those objectionable surroundings which characterise its introduction into populous neighbourhoods, on the skirts of our teeming hives of industry, or in close proximity to the dangerous classes which invariably have their habitation, like drones, among the working bees. It is not against such race meetings as we have described that the law is ever likely to be put in force, nor need excited and indignant apologists for pothouse spees. take alarm and cry out before they are hurt, in their anxiety to prove that we cannot have too much of the good thing which they assert racing to be. If petty owners, "little" trainers, and inferior horses must have their day, let it be at these rural resorts in the provinces, and not at publicans' benefits in populous places, where inducements to drink are the objects in view, and a wretched display of leather-flapping is regarded merely as a means towards that end. It is something to be able to show that racing can be enjoyed quietly, rationally, and temperately, and this not only by men of position and reputation, but also by their poorer neighbours and dependents. Therefore we would encourage all such attempts to popularise

(in the best sense of the word) our national pastime, and it is for this reason that we hail the advent of the summer and autumn months chiefly dedicated to old-fashioned provincial fixtures. It was the boast of certain racing caterers that they brought their hobby "to the doors of the people;" but we advocate the precisely opposite policy of keeping it as much removed from densely-populated localities as possible, and of making it an attraction for those only having a real interest therein, to the exclusion of the loafing and coping interest.

ROBERT EUDE,

A STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By A. H. WALL.

PART THREE.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

TAKING the starving woman's trembling hand, Robin led her, with as much respectful courtesy as he could have displayed to some high-born maiden, into a deep hollow far within the depths of an untrodden waste, the boy following close behind. Where the dead leaves were thickest and the gloom deepest they began to force their way downward, Robin cautiously putting aside and holding back the tangled branches that impeded her way, and the long, thorny bushes which clung to and tore her ragged garments.

And thence they went downward by a steep, narrow path between high bush-clothed banks until it was blocked by the side of a precipitously rising hill, and they heard not far away the rippling of unseen water. Here the thick, interwoven brushwood presented a seemingly impenetrable barrier.

But our young squire had been there before. Forcing a way to the left, in a few minutes he welcomed her to rest in a low earthy cavern, where the glimmering sparks of a wood fire lived in the white ashes, until a little dry wood, the expenditure of some breath, and a judicious touch or two coaxed from them a cheerful flame, lighting the faces of host and guests, the gloomy walls, the carcass of a dead stag, and the form of good Grey Joan with a flickering and ruddy glow in which something akin to cheerfulness resided.

"We shall soon be dry and warm," cried Robin, gaily shaking the rain from his cloak.

"I know this place!" exclaimed the woman, with an air of astonishment.

"Aye," said Robin, carelessly intent upon the production of some food.

"We are almost within bowshot of Loxley."

"So near as that?" asked Robin, pausing suddenly in his task of cutting a goodly steak. "Do you know Loxley?"

"I lived there with my brother many years."

"Who was your brother?"

"At Loxley they called him John of the Heywood."

"John of the Heywood!" exclaimed Robin in a loud voice.

"Know you him, kind sir?" she inquired.

"Know him!" exclaimed he, with a merry laugh. "He was my playmate, my best friend, the dearest of all dear old companions in merry, sweet Loxley. And you!—why, Dame Edith, I have sat in your lap a score of times, hearing you sing of Sward the Dane, and Waltheof the Saint, and Hereward, in the good greenwood."

"Holy Mary! Then you are—"

"Robert Eude, the Lord of Loxley's eldest son."

"And in this very cavern you were born!" said she, kneeling at his feet.

CHAPTER VIII.

Old wives that scarce could with their crutches creep,
And little babes that newly learn'd to speak,
Men masterless, that thorough want did weep
All in one voice, with a confused cry
In execration bann'd them bitterly. T. Heywood.

THE title of Purveyor to the Royal Household is still claimed, but only by some tradesmen, who serve our good Queen no more readily than they would you or myself.

But in the olden times of this story those who held what Judge Blackstone calls "the profitable prerogative of purveyance and pre-emption" were a very different class of men. They not only enjoyed the right of purchasing the King's provisions and other necessities in preference to all other purchasers, with or without the consent of those who owned the goods, and at prices over which such owners had no control, but on the King's service they might, and often did, forcibly impress wains and horses for the conveyance of the Royal stores.

After the arrest of John of the Heywood and Great John, his cousin, Edith, the sister of the former, married Edwin the One-handed, a bold yeoman who had lost his hand for some offence against the Forest Laws. Edwin, taking the place of his brother-in-law, kept the home together for the family, cultivated the absent yeoman's lands, and managed his farm with much skill and success, hoping for his relative's speedy return.

But soon after the departure of the Earl of Preaux into banishment evil times came. The new governor was cruelly hard upon them. Bad seasons and cruel exactions, with vexatious restrictions, robbed the hard-working, patiently-enduring Saxons of all heart and hope.

Proceeding from bad to worse, they came to a year of great scarcity and distress, so that all kinds of food were at famine prices, and in that year, of all others, came the King's cruel and rapacious purveyors, seizing between sun and sun their corn, hay, and cattle, taking beans and peas for the Royal horses, hides and leather for the King's saddles, and carrying away twenty-five quarters of corn for twenty; measuring by heap, cutting down timber, and carting away hay and litter, at prices named by themselves, which considering the bad time were grimly absurd. They broke open the barn doors, and they threshed the corn, gathered the fruit, and carried away the sheep with their fleeces on to keep them until shearing time, laughing to scorn all complaints and protests, however just and strong—arrogant, overbearing, and contemptuously insulting. The good Earl Eude could no longer give protection nor uphold his former tenants in their rights. The abuses, wrongs, and oppressions enforced by these heartless purveyors became so intolerable that the people of Loxley, growing desperate, rose in arms against them, swearing that they took not only for the King, but for themselves and their friends, and in a disturbance that ensued Edwin the One-handed, with others, was slain, and that too while the arms of Edith, his wife, were about him, and she was imploring him to offer no vain resistance. They left her with her bare larder and empty barns, with the grand old trees which had so long adorned and sheltered the home of her childhood cut down and carried away, with her weeping children

about her, and her dead husband, outstretched, bloody, and motionless upon the couch he had risen from before sunrise a hale and hearty man. And in all the wide land there was no help for her.

When Edith had eaten and drank this was the story she told Robert Eude.

"It is time," said Robin sternly, "that God raised up a friend for the poor."

"When will the laws of England once more be just to our unhappy people?" moaned the woman.

"When the people are themselves resolute and strong enough to make and enforce them," said Robin, with knitted brow, toying fiercely with his bow as he bent over the flame.

Edith shook her head.

"That will never be."

"By God and all His Saints it shall be ere long!" Robin was on his feet, vigorously erect, when in a loud voice he uttered these impetuous words. His eyes flashed red in the firelight, his clenched right hand was raised. "I am outlawed, dame," said he; "the price of the wolf's head is the price of mine! But were it not so now, it would be soon. From this hour forth I devote myself to the people of England—their friends are my friends, their enemies mine. I am of their race; the blood of their heroes runs in my veins. We will have another camp of refuge, Norman and Saxon. All who love justice and hate wrong will come to it: the innocent who suffer to right their wrongs, the slave who yearns for liberty to prove that he is worthy of it; the good man for a good cause. Here in our greenwood fortress is room and welcome for them all. Gentle or simple, every true man throughout the land who dares to be free may find his freedom here. The plundered still have arms. We will break no laws but unjust laws. We will slay no man who does not raise his hand in strife against the right. The oppressor of the poor shall tremble to hear of us. The wrongdoer, reckless of the King's law, shall pause in his wrong-doing from fear of our more righteous law and the certainty of its enforcement."

"Let me come too," said the starving boy, fiercely.

"How do you call him?" asked Robin of Edith.

"He is named after his uncle, John."

"Then, Little John, you shall come too. You shall be my page, and anon you shall wear silver spurs."

Edith looked from the flushed face of the excited man to that of the proud boy with a mournful smile, and, thinking the one scarcely more childish than the other, bent over her baby with a heavy sigh.

"Of old times," said Robin, thoughtfully, as he resumed his seat by the fire, speaking in a more subdued tone, "valiant men did brave deeds for the saving of the poor and the overthrowing of their oppressors, and a single knight would couch his lance against a whole army of giant wrongs that preyed upon the helpless. The grateful people have sung of their deeds through generations past down to this very day."

"There are no such true knights now," replied Edith, dolefully.

There was silence for a time, and Robin told his beads.

"Those times may come again, good dame," presently said he, in the same quiet, thoughtful way. "I wot there yet be many good men and true here in England."

She only shook her head.

And anon he said to her, "Do you remember how, in the olden time, King Arthur, the Briton, ordained the hundred knights with the Table Round, when each was to each sworn brother, and Arthur was King only by grace and adventure?"

"'Tis so writ down in the British chronicles, or so they tell." Robin nodded, and gazed long, silently, and steadily at the flickering flames as they played about the logs. His thoughts were stern, and a resolute expression settled upon his lips.

"Hark!" cried the woman.

"'Tis some swineherd's horn," said Robin.

Silence again—broken only by the sputtering and puffing of the burning wood, and the moan of the rising wind.

"If but now I had here a hundred strong brave men of knightly natures, sworn in a bond of brotherhood like that, bondmen or free, of this race or that, it should be done." The young squire spoke these words solemnly and slowly, but half aloud.

The shades of night gathered about the outcast group, and their figures fading into the black darkness were soon after stretched out on the heaps of dried leaves and ferns, deep in sleep, the woman with her children in her arms, Robin beside Grey Joan.

A loud cry awakened Robin early in the morning.

"What is the matter?"

"O, my child! my child!"

Robin sprang to his feet and approached her.

"Look how white he is—the very lips are white!"

"He breathes still," said Robin softly.

Even as he spoke the last faint breath oozed from the pallid, little, quivering lips, and the babe was dead.

The mother's agony was intense, but she mastered it and walked out into the air, silent, tearless, tightly pressing that tiny body to her bursting heart.

Robin and the boy followed her. In the dull misty morning a drizzling rain was falling.

"Where go you, Edith?"

She turned her strangely dilated eyes upon him as if she did not understand his question.

"Where will you go?"

"Go?" she repeated, with a wild, wandering, hopeless glance around her.

"To Loxley?"

"They would kill me."

"Not so; your friends are there."

"I am reckless now—betray me who will, I care not—friend or foe."

"You have done no wrong."

"I have," said she, in a fierce whisper; "I have slain William, the King's purveyor. I stole after them through the woods, and Edwin's bow sent Edwin's shaft straight to his heart—straight to his hard and cruel heart. I took his life, and God has taken one more precious than my own. Oh, Holy Mother of Heaven, who wept in agony beside the bloody cross, look down in pity on a mother's woe!"

Kissing his crucifix Robin made solemn response:—"Amen, Amen!"

Little John wept bitterly.

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 276.)

EAU FIGARO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 5s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—[ADVT.]

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys bugs, fleas, moths, beetles, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See you purchase "KEATING'S," as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by all Chemists.—[ADVT.]

SPORTING SKETCHES.

JOTTINGS OF A SHOOTING TRIP.

"CAST off starn warp!" "All clear, sir!" and the tender steamed back to Southampton Docks with its freight of human beings, the majority of whom were of the gentler sex, and therefore in a state of humidity and handkerchief. The leave-taking had been successfully accomplished, and we were left on board the Royal Mail steamer lying at the West India buoy. By we I mean the whole of the passengers bound either on business or pleasure for the West Indies or South America; and, to tell the truth, a pretty mixed lot they were. Spaniards, French, English, American, and Italian, all engaged in the pursuit of stewards and the settling and squeezing of self and baggage into the respective berths allotted to them. Among the number were Rossall, Fitzroy, and Self. We were bent on sport, and in the hold of the good ship we believed our shooting irons to be deposited, though we were somewhat exercised in our minds on the subject, as we had had no optical proof. The Royal Mail Company had given us a large cabin on the port side, well forward, and none of us being novices in the art of travel on board ship, it did not take long to shake down. The choice of bunks was decided by the inevitable coin of the realm, and Rossall, who was the worst sailor of the three, was fortunate enough to secure the one known as the sofa berth, running fore and aft. After having put things a bit ship-shape, we went on deck, and lighting our weeds commenced the operation of taking stock. There was a tidy sprinkling of the fair sex, married and single, with and without husbands, and among them a young lady hailing from Barbadoes, who would have made a fortune as an advertisement for blacking, but who called herself English, and prepared to risk the dangers of the deep in a green satin dress with magenta bows displayed at various points. Her brother, another symphony in bronze, had been to see her off, and with a view of cheering her up, had, previous to depositing himself on the tender for Southampton, been aiding his sister to accomplish the death of a bottle of champagne. Whether it was the champagne or the excitement of leave-taking I cannot say, but my lady was, to say the least of it, very gushing, and though we were lying at anchor in the river, the motion of the ship seemed to affect her walk, as she travelled over a large area of the deck in her movements, and exhibited a painful and dangerous indifference to various "details" and "gear" that were strewn about, on several occasions nearly coming to signal grief. At length she espied us, and wending her circuitous route in our direction, flopped into a chair, and informed us that "we were gentlemen, she could see, that we should be great friends, and that she had a large income of her own." What further revelations she might have been guilty of I should be sorry to say, had not the dinner-bell and the order to get under weigh stopped her confidences. Happily for the next three days the deck knew her place no more. We got a tremendous dusting in the Channel, and after that the usual routine of board-ship life went on. Deck quots, whist, meals, and flirtations filled up the time, till we arrived one fine morning about 8 a.m. off Hayti.

Here we found a deuce of a commotion going on. They were burning the town, bombarding the Governor, or doing something equally valiant. So there was a considerable delay before the officials came off to interview us. There is always a heavy swell on there, and when through our glasses we saw a bevy of black niggers got up in diplomatic coats and gold lace *ad lib.*, we determined to have some fun. Rossall was to personate the captain, I the chief officer, and Fitzroy the second. Accordingly we borrowed three of the officers' caps and awaited the arrival of the sable deputation. I established myself on the gangway, Rossall on the bridge, and Fitzroy superintended the boat's falls (we had sent away a boat for mails) and enlisted a willing crew among the rest of the passengers. Presently the blacks' gig came alongside, and Rossall hailed them. Their boat was dancing up and down, and the "chief boss," in an enormous cocked hat and the blackest of faces, was evidently beginning to feel the effects. "Hook on there; look alive, man!" I shouted, and diplomat number one made a dive for the fall, which was swinging with the block just over his head. "Bear a hand or you will be swamped!" I yelled again, whereupon he of the cocked-hat began to anathematise his fellow Ministers (or whatever they might be) most heartily, first in excellent English, and then in equally pure Spanish. At last a pair of them managed to catch the fall; seeing which I shouted: "Hold on!" and tipping the wink to Fitzroy and his crew, away they ran with the slack, and the boat shooting from under the niggers, souse they both went in all their glory into the sea. To seize our own hats and walk aft was the work of a second, and the captain coming up the companion a few minutes after was overpowered by a torrent of abuse from the dripping potentates, who had been picked up by their companions and had come up the gangway ladder. They informed him "that they were the Duke of Something and Count Somebody Else, that they had been insulted and nearly drowned, and that the Queen should send them an apology." All of which was Hebrew to the skipper, but most comical to us three conspirators. However, a bottle of rum squared the "Duke" and his friend, and when we were under weigh again we told the captain the story, at which he laughed heartily. It is not my intention, nor is it within my power, to describe the West Indies; that has already been done to perfection by a master hand. Suffice it that we went to a dignity ball at Jamaica, and found it pretty much the same entertainment as did "Tom Cringle." We caught barracouters, a sort of salt-water pike about three feet long, and had a day at the snipe, which was not very successful. One amusing incident occurred which is worth recording. Rossall, be it known, had a curly head, and one evening we had been invited to dine and sleep at Newcastle (the hill station), by the regiment quartered there. There had been what is called a heavy night at mess, and Rossall had, from some unknown cause (*he said it was melon*) mistaken his diggings and bedded himself down in someone else's hut. The owner appearing, also suffering from "melon," felt the curly head in the dark, and to his dimmed intellect it occurred that it must appertain to a nigger. So pulling poor R— out of bed he set to work to wallop him soundly. Eventually both of them falling into the bath, discovered the mistake, and sangaree completed the dramatic situation. At length the journey came to an end, and we found ourselves preparing to transport our bodies, guns and baggage to a coffee plantation some 18 miles inland from the Central American coast, where we intended to "posada" (put up). Fitzroy, who was an extremely scientific person in his own estimation, vowed that he could load a mule better than the "gay muleteers," but as he never had seen one before, and it is an art most difficult of acquirement, I declined to allow any of my traps to form part of his experimental load, a proceeding which caused great offence. My predictions of failure, however, proved correct, for in about half a mile there was a total collapse, and Fitzroy's mule stood bare in the centre of a chaos of baggage. This remedied (by the native talent this time), we proceeded; while, to make things pleasant, it came on to rain hard, and grew as dark as pitch. Though only 18 miles, the way (I was going to say road, but road there was none) was so

rough and bad, being a series of leaps from rock to rock, that under most favourable circumstances it took four hours. It may be imagined, therefore, what sort of a journey it was under the circumstances. It took us seven hours and a half, and we arrived at the Hacienda, tired out, wet through, and covered with mud and bruises, for none had escaped the fate of a cropper; in fact, it was a mercy that our necks remained unbroken. Of course, none of our baggage arrived, so we had to make it out with a blanket apiece the best way we could. After a blow-out on tinned salmon, some beef, and a gallina, washed down with some Catalan wine, we all felt decidedly better, and after cleansing our guns, which we brought up slung on our shoulders by an ingenious device of Fitzroy's, we turned in and slept soundly for some hours, until we were all woke up by shouts from Fitzroy, and striking a light we found that a young bull-calf had entered his apartment and was licking his face, while perched on his bosom and spitting at the calf was a large tomcat. Naturally, Fitzroy was frightened out of his wits, and said, "By Jove! I am deuced glad you chaps have come. I thought I had got jumps, or that I was being robbed or murdered." After chasing the animals out we returned to bed, and did not wake again till the morning light and sounds of unloading baggage told us it was time to be up and doing. A miserable spectacle we presented, all three so stiff we could hardly move, as still wrapped in our blanket we drank our chocolate and watched our garments toasting. The manager of the estate was mightily amused, and rather triumphant, as he had advised us not to start the evening before, but seeing that we were determined, had bravely headed the procession. That day we gave ourselves up to rest, and I made acquaintance with the eccentricities of a grass hammock, for not knowing the proper way to get in, it adopted the usual plan of rolling up into a rope, and deposited me on the hard floor. I said nothing, and was rewarded by seeing Jack Rossall perform the same acrobatic feat; and his face of astonishment, indignation, and pain reconciled me to the lump I felt on the back of my head. Towards the evening the party of native sportsmen and guides were marshalled under the orders of the major domo, and the plan of the campaign was drawn up. An early start next morning saw us on our way, and a beautiful ride under an avenue of palms (the *atlea kahoon*) brought us to a valley or gorge, which it was proposed should be our first beat. A more likely looking spot for game could not well be imagined—hills rising abruptly on either side, clothed in dense underwood, with here and there patches of open where grew the tenderest of grass. Small rivulets trickling down till they joined the streams dividing the centre of the valley marked their course by the increased verdure on their margin, and now and again the freshly turned earth showed plainly that pig were not far off. The whole posse of natives had assembled at the head of the valley, which was marked by a gigantic mahogany tree, awaiting the signal to commence the beat. Rossall and Fitzroy were posted on either side in commanding positions, while I took an advanced situation on a rock in mid stream, from where I could see about 100 yards to my front. A dead silence reigned, broken only by the hoarse cry of the laughing monkey, and an occasional bark of deer deep down in the virgin forest. A shrill whistle rang out and the beat commenced. Hundreds of parrots rose screaming, and a flight of gorgeous macaws passed over our heads. Presently there was a rustling in the undergrowth, and a sounder of wild pig rushed past me too quick to pull at. Crack went Rossall's rifle, and piggy became bacon, he scoring first blood. Next right opposite me, walking quite calmly with head erect, sniffing the air and stopping now and again as if to inquire what the row was about, came a noble stag. My express was raised, and carefully drawing a bead I pulled, when to my consternation, instead of the report, the ominous click of a miss fire made it plain both to myself and the deer that something was wrong. With a gigantic bound he dashed into the thick of the bush, and I had to content myself with a snap shot, which luckily took effect. At this moment there was a shout of "tiger," and a tremendous uproar on the right flank. Sure enough there was a jaguar somewhere, but the difficulty was to know where. We all waited patiently, the sounds drawing nearer every minute, till at length all three of us caught sight of the beast at the same moment, and three shots were followed by a fiendish snarl and rush. I stepped back, forgetting that I was perched on a rock, and head over heels I went into the stream. This was a climax, I thought; so, being near, I galloped back to the house and got a dry rag, returning in time to find the bag being made up. It consisted of one boar, one stag, a tiger, or rather jaguar, and a mountain cow, which Fitzroy shot after I left. Not so bad for a morning's sport in a locality almost adjoining the coffee plantations. Doubtless we should have got more but that we were new hands, and the forest was too thick for a regular beat. It was only done as an experiment, and, although in this instance it answered, it was certainly not the proper way to shoot the tracts of virgin forest in Central America. We never tried it again, but rested content with that morning's work.

BAGATELLE.

THE following advertisement was from Liston, the comic actor, on the approach of his benefit night:—"Mr. Liston to the Editor.—Sir—My benefit takes place this evening, at Covent Garden Theatre, and I doubt not will be splendidly attended. Several parties in the first circle of fashion were made the moment it was announced. I shall perform Fogrum in *The Slave*, and Leperello, in *The Libertine*; and in the delineation of those arduous characters I shall display much feeling and discrimination, together with great taste in my dresses, and elegance in my manner. The audience will be delighted with my exertions, and testify, by rapturous applause, their most decided approbation. When we consider, in addition to my professional merits, the loveliness of my person and fascinations of my face, which are only equalled by the amiability of my private character, having never 'pinched' my children, nor kicked my wife out of bed," there is no doubt but this PUFF will not be inserted in vain.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. LISTON, 28, King-street, June 10, 1879."

ANTICIPATING THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.—"I want to get up a little display of fireworks for the Fourth," he said, as he stepped into a pyrotechnic establishment. "What have you got?" "Oh, most everything—rockets, candles, pinwheels." "How much for a pinwheel about this size," inquired the intending purchaser, as he carelessly pointed to a "whirler" about eighteen inches across. "Look out for your cigar, there, sir," said the dealer, excitedly. "You'll—." But it was too late; the lighted end had found the "touching off place" of the pinwheel in question, and with a whizz and a hiss the "piece" went flying all about the store, sparks of fire from it communicating to other pyrotechnics, until the whole establishment was in an uproar of fizzle, pop, and bang. Roman candles, sky rockets, fire crackers, and blue lights chasing each other around the room like a lot of pedestrians in a walking match, and before the fire department put a stop to the display there wasn't enough fireworks left in the place to satisfy the longings of the wee smallest of the small boys.—Moral.—Don't take a lighted cigar into a firework store, or something like the above may happen.—*New Haven Register.*





CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

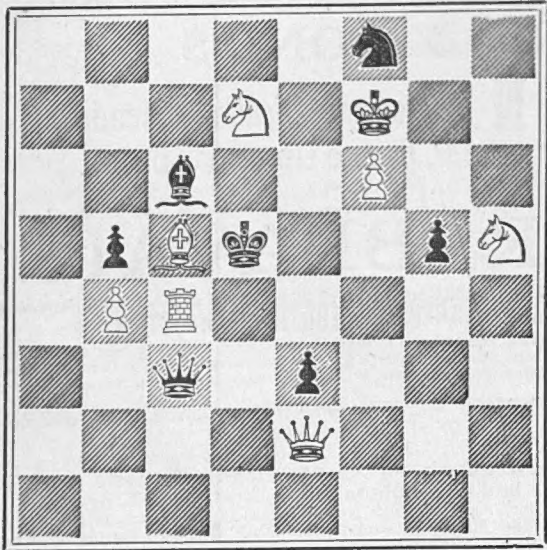
J. J. (Glasgow).—Many thanks for the game.
E. L.—We think highly of the problem, and shall be glad to publish it when amended.
F. R. S.—You are wrong; Black is not to move at all; and White mates in one move.
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 241, by J. G., T. Graham, and Juvenis are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 240.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K 4 | K takes R (a) |
| 2. Kt to K 7 | Any move |
| 3. Q mates. | |
- (a)
- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 1. | P to Q B 4 |
| 2. Kt to K 7 (ch) | K takes R |
| 3. Q mates. | |

PROBLEM No. 242.

By M. E. BARBE (From *La Stratégie*).
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

MATCH between Messrs. Mason and Potter. The fifteenth game played at Simpson's Divan, on last Saturday.

[French Opening.]

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| WHITE.
(Mr. Mason.) | BLACK.
(Mr. Potter.) | WHITE.
(Mr. Mason.) | BLACK.
(Mr. Potter.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 3 (a) | 15. P to K R 3 | K Kt to B 3 |
| 2. P to Q 4 | P to Q 4 | 16. P to Q R 4 | K R to K sq |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3 | Kt to K B 3 | 17. P to Q Kt 4 | Kt to R 4 |
| 4. P takes P | P takes P | 18. Kt to K 3 | Q Kt to B 3 |
| 5. B to Q 3 | B to Q 3 | 19. Kt to B sq | Kt to B 5 |
| 6. Kt to B 3 | Castles | 20. B takes Kt | B takes B |
| 7. Castles | P to B 3 | 21. P to R 5 | Q R to Q sq |
| 8. Kt to K 2 | Q to B 2 | 22. R takes R (ch) | R takes R |
| 9. Kt to Kt 3 | Kt to Kt 5 (b) | 23. R to K sq | R takes R |
| 10. P to B 3 | P to K Kt 3 | 24. Kt takes R | Q to K 2 |
| 11. Q to B 2 | Kt to Q 2 | 25. Kt to B 3 | B to B sq |
| 12. B to Q 2 | P to Q Kt 4 | 26. Kt fm B sq to Q 2 B | B to B 2 |
| 13. K R to K sq | P to Q R 3 | 27. Q to Kt sq (c) | Drawn. |
| 14. Kt to B sq | B to Kt 2 | | |

(a) This, undoubtedly the safest defence, is possessed by a demon of dulness, which even the genius of Morphy failed to exercise.
(b) An excellent move from every point of view; it prevents B to B 5; and if White proceeds to dislodge this Kt by P to K R 3, then Kt takes B P.
(c) Here the combatants were observed to gaze mournfully, but good-humouredly, at each other, and the word "draw" was flashed simultaneously from their eyes.

CHESS CHAT.

There was an eruption of black bags last week all over the Divan, which seemed to me to indicate a diseased condition of the atmosphere. I gazed upon this phenomenon with awe, and as I gazed, the bags grew larger, it occurred to me they might contain some literary treasure. I thought of Shakspeare, of Colley Cibber, of Charles Kean, and murmured, "Methinks there be six Richmonds in the field!"—I mean six black bags in this Divan, and I sighed because I was unable to add, "five of them have I already opened and plundered." The bags were new, bright, and full, and the faces of those who carried them were alternately shaded with care and illumined with self-satisfaction. For some years past a black bag of an indescribable nature has been recognised as the "badge of all the tribe" of chess editors. The sudden and increased influx at the Divan of these most useful appendages of mental or bodily travel was occasioned by the contemplated production of a new magazine, over whose destinies two well-known foreigners are to preside. As to their fitness for such work I know little or nothing, but the little is not over favourable to them. I don't intend to analyse their prospectus. I have several reasons for abstaining from such a task; one of them is that it has been done most skillfully and effectually by a writer in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. But I must make a few comments upon the prospectus. There pervades it an air of supercilious grandeur; a voice seems to come from it and say, "When we ope our lips, or use our pens, let no dog bark, no fool refuse to hear or read and be charmed. We are the editors whom Englishmen have been so long desiring; we can criticise; we can write; we are the *litterati*."

"We know too well the causes of the failure of former publications"—let me whisper them to you—"mere Englishmen

edited these magazines, mere amateurs as a rule annotated the games and wrote the records that appeared in them. We'll change all that. We'll teach you the true principles of criticism, and convey them to you in the purest English."

Well, I intend to give them a fair hearing, and to judge of them by their labours. But I confess there is nothing in the antecedents of either editor to justify the high tone they assume.

One of these editors is a clever player, and, I understand, a good man of business; but he is wholly unknown in connection with any kind of literature. The other was for a considerable time the game annotator in the "Westminster Papers," and there he chiefly distinguishes himself by the adoption of a vicious principle of criticism which I believe prevails in some foreign countries—that of ferreting out the weak, and ignoring the good points in a game, unveiling the ugliness and cloaking the beauty of the play exhibited. This mode of criticism I hold to be a mistake, and the effect sought therein to be an unworthy one. Just fancy a man reading Shakspeare, or any other noted writer, with a view simply and solely to proclaim the faults he has discovered!

I may observe that the "failure of former publications" referred to in the prospectus exists, if at all, in the imagination of those who framed the assertion. Certainly both the "City Magazine" and the "Westminster Papers" enjoyed a good circulation, and brought not a pecuniary loss but a reasonable gain to their respective proprietors.

Mr. Blackburne informs me that though he acknowledges himself to be generally a slower player in matches than Mr. Bird, yet in their personal encounters he has on two important occasions beaten his rival in time.

The match between Messrs. Mason and Potter has now entered upon a very interesting phase. The score is—Mr. Mason 4, Mr. Potter 3, drawn 8. The drawn games now begin to count, and if the match is not to be extended beyond its original limits it must terminate in six more games.

MARS.

VETERINARIAN.

THE RIDE OF THE PERIOD.

NOTHING which has occurred within the memory of living man better illustrates the fast times in which we live than the wonderful ride which recently took place, if not in a dark place of the earth, at least in the dark and among darkies. Increasingly wonderful that ride is. On the 5th of July it only amounted to 80 miles in 15 hours, but a month later it became 115 miles in 14 hours. Here, Smith, you have nothing to do; holidays, you know; nothing like keeping your hand in; here's a nice sum for you in rule-o'-three. Now, if a man on the 5th of one month rides 80 miles in 15 hours, and this little narrative by the 5th of next month grows into 115 miles in 14 hours, how many months will it be before the ride is said to be done in less than no time? Recollect, before you begin, that the time is decreasing whilst the mileage is steadily increasing. Haven't got so far, haven't you? Well, then, how long?—how many months will it be before they will have it that he rides 1,000 miles in a thousand seconds? Now, then, do you catch it? You ought to do it. Let's see. If in a month 15 grows into 14, in another 14 months it'll grow into naught, won't it?—no time, you know. Eh? Course it will. Then, if in a month 80 grows into 115, in fourteen months it will be—growing 25 in a month, you know—over 300, won't it? Now you have it; in fourteen months he rides 350 miles in no time; in 2,000 years, when men will be digging up Victorian coins, governor balls, pieces of telegraph wire, and what not, where will the narrative of Helios be, where this narrative comes, I should like to know? Bah! what did Helios know about "drivin' four 'ossis"? * * * At this stage, hating to pry into the domestic life of this or any other family, we withdrew. The little boy got leave to go to bed, and his parent rang the bell for Mary to bring a cold wet towel. We cannot be observing every domestic circle, so shall have to be content by arriving at approximate truth by observing carefully the rise in the next quarter's lunacy returns, for few Englishmen will have failed to notice and reckon the consequences of this increasingly wonderful ride.

But why go mad over a simple rule-o'-three sum? Mr. Archibald Forbes may surely be allowed, or his friends for him, to think over the matter and to correct a trifling error performed in such haste—reads two ways, that last—and calculated on the spur ("gorey" spur) of the moment. If a man likes to take a map and draw a straight line from Ulundi to somewhere else, and then say, "As the crow flies it is so many miles," it is obviously as hard to bind him to his word and rob him of all his hard ride narrative as to compare him to a crow, especially without asking the crow's leave. This is the only way one has of introducing a crow into the ride, because when crows are belated they seek some friendly tree until daybreak. Crows do lose their way under such circumstances, but it is in searching for the nearest tree, and then they sit mute and object to discover their whereabouts to the enemy. Mists also baffle crows as well as horsemen, and here the comparison suits also, for we have, on this occasion, after narrative the first had failed to rear its weakly head, a mist rising to assist narrative No. 2—ahem! the revised narrative, to be more correct. Mists are curious things and unlike moderate watercourses in this, that horsemen can ride through watercourses or jump over them, but they cannot jump over fogs, though one horseman we have heard of will have to clear a fog—jump clean over it, we mean—or his narrative will have to stop increasing after the fourteenth month from now, as we distinctly overheard the affable old gentleman's calculation point that way. And why stickle at a fog? What is a fog, we should like to know, that it cannot be cleared? Why should a fog be insurmountable? Mr. Forbes didn't find it so, far from it. Hear him, why he tamed it, made it perform, and can now hug

it, and threatens he will make it do more. First, it admitted him through it, then—as we afterwards read—he, or somebody else, made it confound him; made it lose him on his way twice, and so on. After this don't allow anybody to speak slightly of a fog, but try and learn more about fogs; turn up, as school-boys say, some natural history, and "get up" fogs—we mean learn all about fogs; you may want a fog or two some day. How handy, and who'd have thought it? If anybody had asked Mr. Forbes, when at school, to "get up" a fog, do you think he would have done it? Not he. And yet you see how useful a fog has been to him. Lost him twice; concealed him, revolverless, from his enemies; allowed him to ride through, cut it, in fact. Don't go about any more abusing fogs, but remember Forbes.

Dear reader, since writing the last few words, some days ago, the doctor says we have had a narrow squeak for it; but says we are better now, and has given us leave to finish this piece for this week's number at the last moment, on condition that we afterwards rested for at least a week. Pardon us, we have tried to write sense and sensible things for you for the last twelve months and more. But a week ago we read the last narrative of the wonderful ride, and we thought over it too much—alas! too much. We calculated, and took up the old gentleman's idea, and in trying to imagine the rate of Mr. Archibald Forbes as mythologists will have his equestrian feat this day two thousand years, his *flash*, as he passed, as we thought then, dazzled us; but the doctor says that flash marked the time to the minute at which his services were required. We are better now. We are truly sorry, dear reader: but you must pardon us this once. You know such increasing wonders even in our day are not common, and if they become so we promise to give them the go by; and, as for this one, we won't attempt to keep pace either with Mr. Forbes or his narrative, so this shall not be the means of upsetting our mental equilibrium again. For your sake, when our eyes alight on this gentleman's feats we will be careful; we will let this be a warning. Nothing shall entice us to follow him and his airy footsteps again. But our experiences have always been so different. We have always been accustomed to ride either on made roads at six miles an hour, when going distances of twenty or thirty miles, and resting awhile before resuming our journey, or it may be going quicker if on a still shorter journey. We never rode over hill and dale even in daylight for fourteen hours at a stretch, without drawing bit, at the rate of eight miles and more an hour, so that our weak ideas, and they must have been very weak, got a dreadful shock, although, of course, we ought to have had more sense than to have dwelt upon such things.

No, Mr. A. F., we have been much among horses and hills, and on dark nights too, aye, and in fogs, but we never saw either the horse or the rider who could do the feat of going through the dark among unseen obstacles—unseen obstacles, mind—at the rate you are calculated to have gone. Eight miles an hour is fair going on a good level road in broad daylight, and we have no hesitation in saying neither you nor any other special, however special, ever did such a feat under much more favourable circumstances. That the Press has allowed this narrative to increase up to its present dimensions is to us a mystery. The first feat as narrated was sufficiently obvious! and Veterinarian allowed it to pass, thinking that it must have passed Colenso, but the most recent narrative Mr. F. must have been telling to the Blacks, and he has had the misfortune to be overheard.

A PERFORMANCE OF "PINAFORE" ON A REAL SHIP ON REAL WATER.—An audience of between 2,000 and 3,000 assembled at the Park Garden last evening to witness the opening performance of the comic opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, in the open air and "on a real ship on real water." There had been a fear that the singing, and especially the dialogue, might not be distinctly heard, even by those of the audience nearest the ship, but this fear was almost entirely dispelled. With one or two exceptions, after they got fairly into it, both singing and dialogue were heard easily to the furthestmost portions of the audience. The chorus of the sisters, cousins, and aunts, as they left the landing in the small boats to board the ship, was very pretty. The good ship *Pinafore*, moored in the lake, is 110 feet long. She was fully rigged, and a man-of-war's-man present pronounced her exceedingly well gotten up. Her sails were "loosed to a bunt-line," her gun-deck ports were closed, but on the main deck were four broadside guns and two boat howitzers; there was the wheel in front of the cabin, the capstan, the ropes coiled up around the fife rail, the starboard anchor down—in short, it was a good representation of a ship of war. The orchestra was out of sight, in the fore-castle, but not "out of sound." The action was in the centre of the main deck, and when the sailors departed they went down the fore-hatch, while the admiral, the captain, and his lovely daughter, and the sisters, cousins, and aunts disappeared at the proper times into the cabin. When "Little Buttercup" came on board she came in a boat alone, was met at the starboard gangway by a gallant tar, and sang the first stanza while in the boat. The sisters, cousins, and aunts arrived in the same way. When the boat containing Sir Joseph and Hebe arrived, there was a commotion on board. There was a salute, and the yards were manned by men who were as agile and evidently understood what they were about as though they were real men-of-war's-men. Then there was a file of marines, who did their duty, notably the silent drill, so well as to win merited applause. When the admiral left the ship with Hebe he sang his "I'm Monarch of the Sea," after he had boarded the small boat and while preparing to start. And over all and above all was the strangeness of the surroundings, the water and the sky, the reflection of the opera in the lake, the trees, the immense audience scattered around the shore of the lake, giving a novel, not to say, weird appearance.—*Providence Journal*.

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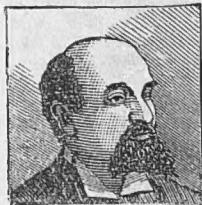
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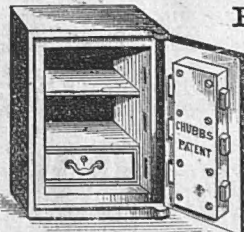
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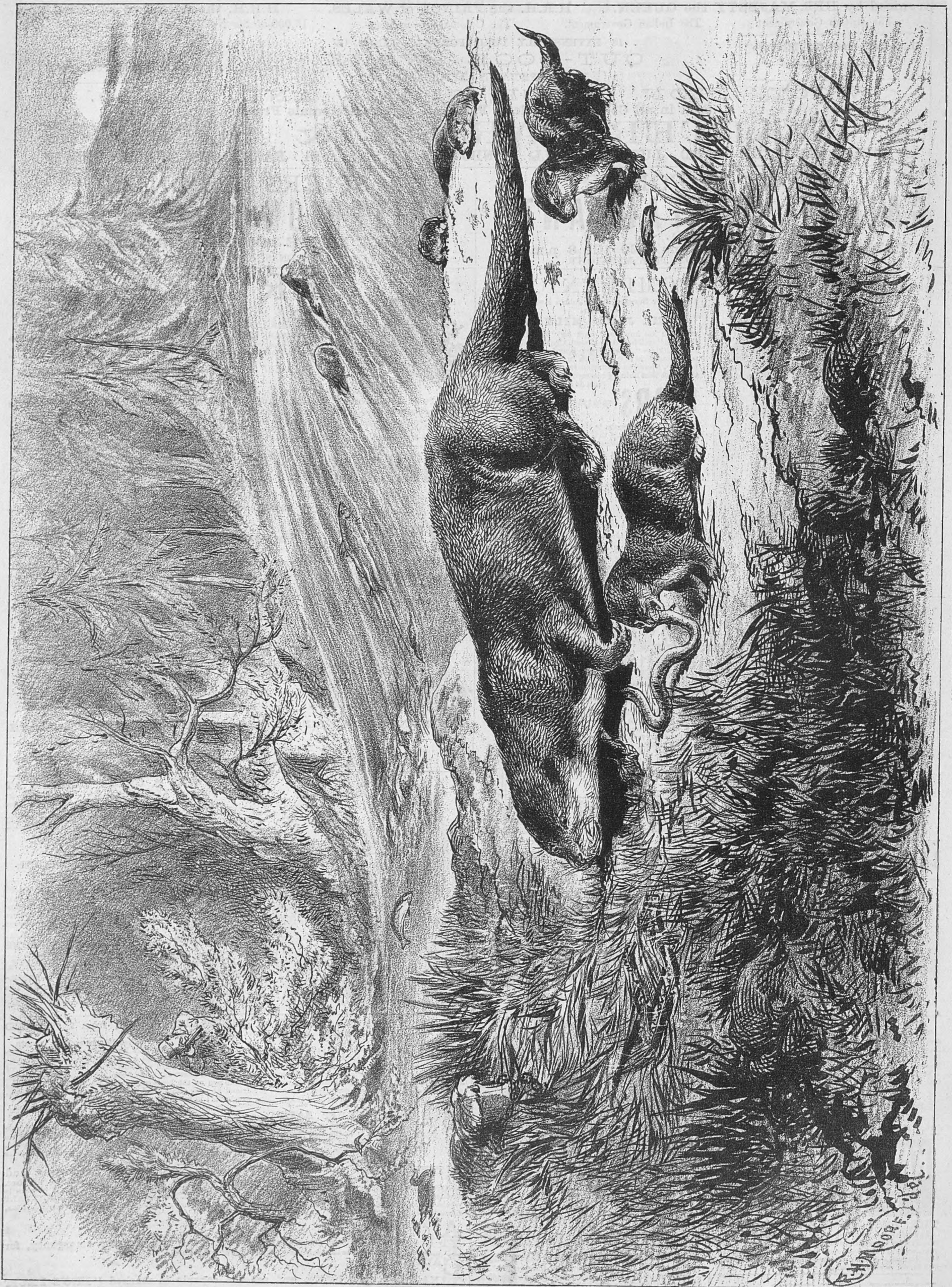
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